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Not a week goes by
but
some reader of the
Saturday Review
writes to say
how he has benefited
by following the advice of
TAURUS
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Current Comments

THE session is over and no one is much the better for it. Unemployment is on the increase, trade prospects in the heavy industries are worse than ever, and not even the absence of debates and the comparative silence of Jix have made us feel as cheerful as we have a right to be on the approach of the tenth anniversary of the Armistice. As usual, the fall in the political barometer has set the tariff reformers on their feet again, and not all Mr. Baldwin's ingenuity will pull them down. True, everybody in the Cabinet agrees with every one else, but they are in agreement only on the simple point that nothing can be done now beyond asking questions which may, or may not, be silly. Tactically, no doubt, Mr. Baldwin scored a triumph by his end-of-the-session pronouncement. Strategically, he has been outmanœuvred by his lieutenants, and was saved from shipwreck only by the opportunity foolishly offered him by the Opposition to make a public show of Cabinet solidarity. The fact remains that the Conservative Party has as good as told the country that it does not believe de-rating to be anything more than a palliative, which is true, but that it has something else up its sleeve, which is disastrously false. If we didn't know what kind of rabbit was going to be produced, we should wait for the conjuring trick with a good deal of interest, but, alas, we know all about this particular animal, which enjoys immense popularity among Liberals and Labourites, but has about the same effect on the ordinarily Conservative elector as a gas bomb. Nor is this at all remarkable. Our problem is a perfectly simple one to state. We have either to recapture our lost export markets, or to grow our own food and pay for it. As not even the most ardent of the protectionists dares to advocate protection for agriculture, it is as clear as daylight that whatever the merits of a tariff on this or that commodity, a general tariff policy is going at the very best to leave our main difficulties just as before. A tariff, if it is high enough to guarantee the British market being kept clear of competition for the British manufacturer, will always be useful to the producer,

The Same Old Rabbit

and in certain cases may not harm the consumer, but such cases are necessarily limited; in the long run the raising of the level of internal prices, which is the object of the tariff, must damage the exporter. The saving argument that more, and more regular, production will enable prices to be reduced, or at least make current world prices economic to the British manufacturer, ignores the real cause of our inability to produce cheaply. These causes are mainly two—high taxes, and high rates of pay per man-hour worked. Other subsidiary causes, such as indifferent management, out-of-date plant and methods, and labour unrest have also to be considered. The last factor, at any rate, will not be removed by a tariff policy, and the restriction of competition is hardly likely to remove the other two.

Plain Truth or Attractive Lies?

We make no apology for referring—behind the back of Mr. Baldwin's soothing letter to his Chief Whip—to the tariff issue, because it has one particularly disagreeable significance. On the needs of particular industries every honest man keeps an open mind, but on the demerits of the general policy every anti-Socialist should agree. Tariff reform, as a policy to relieve unemployment and maintain or raise the present standard of living, is precisely on all fours with nationalization. It is a delusive and disingenuous panacea. British workmen are not unemployed because of an obstinate preference of consumers as a body for foreign goods, but because British industry cannot produce enough goods which people can *afford* to consume. Capital, management and labour, all have their share of responsibility, no doubt, and the need for harder and better work applies to each. To shirk this need and to pretend that we can solve our problem by keeping out the goods which we *can* afford to consume, is merely to hold up another seductive bait for the incorrigible optimists who form the majority of the electorate. "There must be some simple way out, if only I could find it," is still the feeling of the average Englishman contemplating his shrinking trade and his diminished importance in the markets and counsels of the world. The Liberal and Labour Parties have been ministering during all the years of their exile to this futile optimism, and it has been the supreme virtue of Mr. Baldwin's Government that, while it has hesitated to speak the

brutal truth, it has at least refrained from the attractive lie. The merit of the de-rating policy is its honesty. It is the only policy put forward by any political group or party which will do precisely what is claimed for it: no more, but no less. And precisely for this reason it will be accepted, if it is given a chance, by that growing section of the electorate which is sick of panaceas. For the rest, the Government must attack the Labour programme and expose it as a sham, and not discredit a statesmanlike policy of safeguarding by dressing it up to imitate one of Mr. MacPecksniff's perorations.

Kellogg Piece-Goods

AFTER pledging each other's health, as usual at the expense of our own, in the Locarno spirit, we have now, I suppose, to exchange Kellogg piece-goods as tokens of our disinterested love for our neighbours. Every one tells me—and when I say "every one," I mean the only man left in my club (he dozed off at the end of July)—that the Pact can do no harm. As a humble student of history, who has noticed that every piece of interference by one country with the affairs of other countries has invariably done a good deal of harm in the long run, I cannot agree. As, however, the latest Pact does not affect China, India, the Balkans, South America, Africa, Russia, or Turkey, and as every war for the last century or so has originated in one of these funny little corners of the world, my friend may be right. Mr. Kellogg is at least a man of action. He takes his peace where he can get it, and he doesn't boggle about a continent or two. So we will sign with a good grace and pray that the assembly of so many experts in foreign affairs in one city will pass off without provoking another epidemic of protocols, treaties, gentlemen's agreements, conferences, or any other of those well-intentioned efforts which stimulate national suspicions and irritate the tired nerves of simple people who only want to be left alone.

Unemployment: a New Subsidy

THE Government have discovered with justifiable alarm that there are 200,000 more unemployed today than there were a year ago. Remembering nothing but the approach of the General Election, and forgetting nothing except the results of the last subsidy, they have announced a new subsidy to the coal, iron, and steel

industries in the form of a grant to the railways for the reduction of freights. They defend the grant on the ground that it is only a case of intelligent anticipation. When a bank official takes his next year's salary from the till, this defence is seldom sympathetically received. Meanwhile, what has become of what used to be called the "Mond scheme" for the relief of unemployment? This revolutionary proposal consisted, if I remember rightly, in paying unemployment relief to employers instead of to the unemployed, the relief being, of course, based on the number of men taken into employment after a given date. The scheme was regarded as "having insuperable administrative objections." In plain English, it was too much trouble. Does the Government still think so? Perhaps they do. Perhaps, also, the electors will think it too much trouble to go to the polls next year, as they did at North Aberdeen, the other day, when the Conservative poll fell from 8,545 to 4,696.

Industrial Transference

THE report of the Industrial Transference Board makes gloomy reading, although it tells us nothing that we didn't know before. The obvious solution, on paper, is an intensive emigration policy, but in practice this solution is not open. Australia, for instance, has her own unemployment problem, aggravated by a high tariff largely directed by labour with a view to bolstering up uneconomic rates of wages. The vicious circle of higher wages, higher prices, higher tariffs, and still higher wages has already produced a serious situation of which the end is not yet. Canada is a more hopeful field, but the main stream of emigration must be toward the United States, where State action is out of the question, even if it were desirable. Side by side, however, with this well-authenticated pronouncement as to the surplus of labour in the heavy industries comes the Ministry of Agriculture's report of a further decline in agricultural production. There is not merely a decline in the acreage of arable land, but a simultaneous and startling decline in livestock—in other words, land is actually going out of use. The competition of South American beef, Australasian mutton and lamb, and North American canned meat is driving British meat off the market. Even the beet sugar acreage, despite the subsidy, is declining. We are buying our food in the cheapest market, and failing to sell our manufactures.

Agricultural Credits

It has been suggested that the British farmer cannot obtain a credit to stock his land to capacity, and the Agricultural Credits Act may, if this be true, do a great deal to put British farming on its feet. Unfortunately, it is most unlikely that it is true. Industries get the credit they deserve. Lending money is a profitable business, and banks and other lenders do not let opportunities of profit go by for purely technical reasons. When we remember that fifty years ago we had 3,218,417 acres of wheat against 1,201,000 acres today, and 35,000,000 sheep against 16,386,000, we get some idea of the extent to which any mere improvement in our financial machinery is likely to help the farmer. But we are spending countless millions on social services. Can no one read the writing on the wall? These services are intended solely and entirely for the benefit of the very classes who are suffering from short time, wage reductions, or a total lack of employment. Are they satisfied with the results of their "progress"? It is tempting to say that the tide will turn, but is it wise, or even honest?

Can we Sleep Peacefully in Our Beds?

The air manœuvres have been exceptionally practical and valuable, but the lessons drawn from them by "aeronautical" correspondents in the Press have been sadly wide of the mark, because the writers one and all treated the air arm as an independent force. The aeroplane is a means of transport which increases the range of certain weapons, notably high explosive bombs, gas bombs, and machine-guns. To whatever point these weapons are directed, they will inevitably and obviously do material damage and cause loss of life, but their use will be limited by conditions which have nothing whatever to do with the efficiency of local defensive measures; these, in their nature, can never be superior to a concentrated striking force. It is as impossible to defend our inland towns from air attack by anti-aircraft batteries and fighting squadrons stationed there for the purpose, as to defend out coast towns from naval bombardment by means of shore batteries. Yet through many centuries and wars the inhabitants of our seaport towns have slept quietly in their beds. This is not because of the command of the sea (we have not always had it), but because the military value of material damage

to towns outside the area of operations is not sufficiently great to justify the immense risks of raids of this kind. The main energies of any belligerent in the future, as in the past, must be directed to the defence of his shipping and his territory (when on the defensive), and to enforcing a blockade occupying his enemy's territory (when on the offensive). There is thus an effective limit to the size of the air force which any country can maintain, and a still more rigorous limit to the number of hazardous dispersions in which such a force can engage.

The Answer is that we Can

If the Air Ministry experts are right in their technical conclusions, so far as these have been made public, the results of the manœuvres are very reassuring. The important thing is not that some raiders got through, but that very few got back. When we remember that in actual warfare those that did get back would be attacked again in the vicinity of their own base, we see that the military profit and loss account is going to show a heavy debit to the attackers, unless we assume a quite impossible series of lucky direct hits on individual buildings. And, even then, the deduction is more than doubtful, for we can hardly imagine our air staff remaining at Adastral House in the height of a war. If they are wise, they will be in some villas in Balham, for all practical purposes as safe as anyone else. We repeat that the fact which "our aeronautical correspondent" overlooks is that of maintenance. To maintain the requisite supply of aeroplanes for co-operation with the army and the fleet, and a surplus, not for occasional raids but for an independent war of destruction, will leave any belligerent without adequate men and machinery for the maintenance of armies and fleets. And a nation which finds itself blockaded and its territory in the occupation of its enemy will only be the worse off for having destroyed a number of civilians, civic buildings and private houses.

Serbs, Croats, and Bulgarians

The situation in Jugoslavia is as disquieting as in 1913. The Croat leaders are working for a wider Jugoslav Union which will embrace Bulgaria and be based on the virtual autonomy of the different races. The real object, of course, is to form a governmental unit so large that the present Serbian hegemony will be impossible.

But, as ever in the Balkans, any readjustment of the boundaries of one State will raise the jealousies of every other State. The fact is that the twin claims of race and government are not more capable of solution in the Balkans by the expedient of creating a nationality than they are in India. In the Balkans, as in India, it is the attempt to transport to an unfriendly soil political conceptions suited only to Western Europe which is at the root of the difficulty. Among the rights of the smaller nationalities we cannot exclude, without violence to democratic sentiment, the right to use force on the slightest provocation for the settlement or unsettlement of their domestic affairs. But so long as their taste for force remains, we shall be a long way from the prospect of an enduring peace. Nations accustomed to the force will not confine its use within their own boundaries, and proud and race-conscious minorities accustomed to arms will not accept the dictation of international jurists.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald Again

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD has used his holiday in Canada to announce to a Canadian newspaper that Mr. Baldwin's policy is one of "silly, stupid tomfooleries." This outrageous breach of decorum is proof that the leader of the Labour Party, however fitted for that position, is quite unfitted by temperament for the position of Prime Minister. His unhappy incursion into the field of pamphleteering which we discussed last month is another proof, if it were needed. Why the first Labour leader to become the head of the King's Government should be the first to think that that position is compatible with loose rhetoric, lax argumentation, and grossly bad manners is curious. One would have imagined that, as it is his creed that leaders are made, not born, he would have been particularly careful to justify his conviction to the world by a conduct more than usually dignified and austere.

The Gentle Art of Making Communists

MAJOR KINDERSLEY gives some interesting figures in a letter to the Press of the Communist voting strength in Germany and France, as compared with the membership of official Communist organizations in these countries. For Germany the figures are 3,250,000 as against 150,000, and for France 1,100,000 as against 53,372. The moral of the figures is obvious. It is interesting in this connection to read that the Komintern Congress has

decided to issue a manual for the different Communist parties in Europe to explain the methods by which the Bolshevists, before their accession to power, undermined the loyalty of the Imperial Russian armies. A delegate named Jaroslavsky stated that he and others began their propaganda in 1902 with the distribution of proclamations and the issue of news-sheets among the troops. An interesting point was made when it was explained that care was taken to prevent "useless" mutinies. No doubt the worthy Jaroslavsky is inclined to over-estimate the importance of his early activities, but the decision, as reported, to issue a guide to the corruption of recruits is certainly important. Ideas count. They travel slowly, but, like weeds, they travel indefinitely and consistently unless actively checked. Mere falsity will never be a bar to their advance. Ultimately every political upheaval is based on the ideas uppermost at the time in the minds of masses of people who have no ostensible, often no conscious, political interests. In their technique, therefore, the Communists are right. It is for those who believe in other principles to be equally frank and equally zealous in preaching them.

Naval Disarmament

THE naval understanding with France is probably an important event, but the details must be awaited. The agreement appears to be on the lines of conceding the principle of no limitation on small submarines in return for the concession of the vital British requirements in light cruisers. If this means that we are determined to maintain our right of search and our command of trade routes, it will relieve many misgivings. The threat of blockade is the surest and best answer to the threat of air attacks, to which we are peculiarly open. Signs are not wanting, unfortunately, that a concerted attack on our claims in the matter of the right of search and blockade will be made by pacifists over here and at Geneva. The argument which is being advanced simultaneously in many different quarters is that we should agree, jointly with America, to declare the North Atlantic, between the Goodwins and New York, a free sea for our own and the United States commerce, and that the area of neutralization should be extended, as other countries come in with similar declarations. Unfortunately, this is mere hugaboo. We are discussing here not the justice,

or the probability of war, but a question of international practice *once war has broken out.* We have in that event to safeguard our commerce from the attacks, not of third parties, but of our enemy. If that enemy has signed an undertaking not to interfere with our commerce, he will naturally not be bound by it when he is fighting for his life against us, and if he has not signed any such undertaking, we are no better off. We have got also to check our enemy's right to import what he needs. This inevitably involves searching neutral ships. The plain fact is that we cannot surrender our right of search without depriving ourselves of our only effective offensive weapon (unless we happen to have a continental ally) against a continental enemy. No formula is going to set aside this conclusion, which arises from our island situation and not from any militarist spirit in Whitehall. We cannot allow America to supply our enemies with munitions merely because she is willing to give us a similar right. In a life-and-death struggle either nation would be bound to deny the other's right, and it is unthinkable that the other nation would, in such a situation, claim it. Such a pact as is suggested (to mean anything) must mean that Great Britain and the United States agree never to *begin a war* with a third party without the other's consent. Neither nation intends to agree, or would be justified in agreeing, to anything of the sort. The same would apply to any similar bilateral or multilateral agreement between ourselves and other nations. The answer to the whole problem is that in the event of war the public temper of the world decides the issue. We can only effectively blockade a continental nation with the tacit consent of neutrals, and the converse would apply. To renounce the right of search and blockade would, in cold fact, be to defeat the ends of justice—to assist the wrongdoer out of mere pedantry.

Charing Cross: The Last Phase

FEW general questions of interest attract the attention of politicians; and the Charing Cross Bridge scheme, which will affect the daily life and convenience of literally scores of thousands of people, has naturally been chucked from committee to committee for years, while the nation's legislators discuss the legitimacy of marrying one's deceased nephew's wife. Happily the worst scheme (for a double-decked bridge across the river, spoiling

irrevocably the most beautiful view in London) has been rejected. The new scheme involves moving Charing Cross Station across the river, and the construction of a bridge carrying a roadway from the Surrey side of the river to a point near the Cavell Memorial, with a lower roadway to the Strand. There are signs that the Southern Railway, while agreeing in principle, are preparing a heavy claim for compensation. We hope the authorities will offer what is just and see that it is accepted. Charing Cross is really a relic of old London, and carries into the bustling twentieth century the spacious inefficiency of a past age. Our grandfathers left from there for the Continent, when they didn't go from that still more fascinating relic at Ludgate Circus, which still retains an inscription cut deep into Victorian granite advertising itself as the quickest route to Baden-Baden. It was Labouchere, I fancy, who told the Foreign Office, in the days when he was in the diplomatic service, that he would accept any post consistent with a continuous residence at that then fashionable resort.

The New Archbishops

THE appointments of the Archbishop of York to Canterbury and of Bishop Temple to York mark presumably the determination of Mr. Baldwin to support the official majority in the Church of England against the House of Commons. Both the new archbishops are definitely committed to the principle of Church autonomy in general and the new Prayer Book in particular. Archbishop Temple is described as a strong supporter of the Labour Party, and if this is so, his appointment is a definite challenge to the view that an archbishop should be a statesman first and an ecclesiastic only in the second intention. Ordinary people will regret the challenge. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat" is a sound enough maxim, but it is still more important that he should be able to drive.

Railways and Wages

THOSE interested in railway finance will derive only cold comfort from the recent wage reductions. Mr. Thomas and the other trade union leaders have been widely complimented on their courage, but if it required courage on their part to do what they did, the moral cowardice of the rank and file of trade unionists must be greater

than we had supposed. We know, they know, and everyone else knows, that the trouble with the railways is, on the labour side, that in many places there are three men employed where two are needed. The skilled men were not, even before the recent cut, underworked or overpaid. Their interests have been sacrificed to a vicious principle which demands for all grades, irrespective of their responsibilities and the place of their employment, virtually uniform conditions and privileges. The practical result is the opposite of what was intended. It has been a reduction in wages for the men who bear the burden and heat of the day and an unduly easy time for others. Inevitably, a foolish policy of wholesale dismissals would aggravate unemployment. Until, however, we get back to the position that the railways have to carry goods at rates which do not kill the traffic, and that railwaymen's wages and conditions have to be governed by these rates instead of governing them, our heavy industries will continue to be depressed and the vicious circle of unemployment will spread.

The present wage reductions will, of course, ease the position, but they are designed merely to bolster up a vicious system, whereas it is necessary that the axe should be laid at the root of the tree. Every decent man ought to want to see higher and not lower wages for railwaymen. Until the unions allow these higher wages to be earned, the trouble on the railways will not end. We do not advocate longer hours for signalmen and engine drivers, but simply a return to common sense in the staffing of country stations, goods' depots, and the like. At the same time we should like to see an inquiry into railway management and the constitution of the boards which profess to control these vast monopolistic institutions.

Lord Haldane

THE sudden death of Lord Haldane brings to an end a career clouded by misfortune more than usually undeserved. Lord Haig said of him in 1919, that without him we should not have won the war. As with almost everything else which Lord Haig said (he said very little), that is true. Lord Haldane was the architect of victory, and his banishment from public office in 1915 was the supreme political scandal of the war. Whether it was due to the folly or the cowardice of the organizers of the first Coalition is hard to determine. It is certain that

Lord Haldane's place was at the War Office, and that that place was never adequately filled between 1914 and 1918. The other architect of victory, Kitchener, was hampered alike in his activities and his influence by his ministerial post. We know, of course, that it was impossible before the war, or immediately on its outbreak, to disclose the full facts of Lord Haldane's mission to Berlin, but the fact that his public utterances did not reveal his secret doubts was an absurd basis for grown men to build upon in their efforts to charge him with the betrayal of his country. It is the duty of every minister at every time to maintain the fiction of peace. Without the fiction there is no chance of the reality. A warning as to the possibility of war with one of half a dozen Powers, even in this present war-weary decade, would bring in its train the grave risk of actual warfare. In the explosive pre-war atmosphere, it would have been like bringing a lighted match into a powder magazine. What made Lord Haldane's ostracism the more wicked was that men on the inside of politics must have known, not only that he had actually prepared conscientiously and vigorously for war, but that in the opinion of our best soldiers his preparations had been incomparably efficient. Haldane was, in fact, an administrator of genius. He was not a creative thinker either in politics or philosophy. Beneath an appearance of benignancy and verbosity, he was essentially the practical man. Perhaps he was hindered as much by his manner and appearance as by the rather craven doubts of his political opponents. He had no capacity for impressing the public. His somnolent manner and his appearance suggested the absent-minded professor. But his achievement should have been the compelling argument in the crisis of 1915, and in a more logical country than our own, it would have been. Instead, the greatest War Minister in our history lived to be Lord Chancellor in a Labour Government, a bland and Buddha-like figure meditating in a curious isolation on the relativity of political creeds.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Paris Remodelled.—Republican Paris is to have an opportunity of erecting a monument to herself similar to those in which a number of dynasties, Royal and Imperial, have revealed their taste and left their carven comment upon the passing glories of their time. Paris is about to undergo a treatment of expansion and remodelling which make the efforts of Haussmann seem but a mere tinker's job. So varied is her appeal that prayers for her safe recovery from the hands of the facial surgeon will go up in many strange tongues and to many strange gods.

Parliament, with its usual lightheartedness when a matter of real moment is at stake, voted the necessary legislation for the contemplated changes practically without examination, and committees and subcommittees, experts and municipal councillors, urbanists (who are not, as might be imagined, shopwalkers in a big store) and financiers are busily engaged in wondering what they ought to do about it all. An anxious world is informed that they will not be allowed to do anything about it but think for at least a year. Their difficulties and responsibilities are heavy indeed, for Paris depends very largely for her position as a world capital upon the charm of her streets, the splendour of her vistas, and perhaps, above all, upon the harmonious way in which the buildings of successive ages have combined to make a city that expresses with dignity the passions and ambitions of a people which has been sparing of neither.

The removal of the corset of the old ramparts has saved the city from becoming entirely vertical, and has now made possible some more rational suburban development than that which in the past has disfigured the delightful surrounding country with houses and bungalows conceived in the child's brick box and dotted higgledy-piggledy over the countryside without much regard for communications and with none at all for sanitation or comfort. The economist, the politician, and the sociologist alike are anxious not to miss this opportunity of building on their theories. An effort is to be made to prevent and to remedy the intense industrial concentration which has made of the outer Paris ring a wilderness of dreary drabness and a fertile breeding-ground for Bolshevism by increasing and cheapening

communications, and by encouraging the removal altogether from the Paris zone of certain industries which there would be exposed to air attack in wartime.

In this work all the young architects who do not dream in marble, but have nightmares in steel and ferro-concrete, are eager to participate. It is earnestly to be hoped that by the time the Commissions have finished thinking they may have recovered slightly from the fever of extreme modernism, and will not insist upon making a shoe-shop look like a banker's safe-deposit vault, and will allow a country cottage to have walls less than six feet thick of concrete.

Decentralization. — In the work of decentralization Paris is called upon to carry out if she is not to die of suffocation, there arise the frequently conflicting problems of business, pleasure, and health. In the absence of a controlling Haussmann the general tendency of experts is to save what still can be saved of really old Paris and to allow the centre of the town to be swallowed up completely by business, thus creating a Paris counterpart to London's square mile of City, maintain and develop the special character of Montmartre and Montparnasse as the tourists' pleasure-ground, encourage the rush of good shops still farther to the west, break through the industrial ring round the city, and create a fresh and smiling residential Paris in the triangle of pleasant country between the Bois de Boulogne, Versailles, and St. Germain to the west. North-east and south the direction would be Joinville le Pont, Enghien and Sceaux and Choisy le Roi. The French father should make his boy an architect or, if profit rather than glory be sought, a cement puddler.

The Pact.—Herr Stresemann has failed in his endeavours to raise the question of the evacuation of the Rhineland during the Pact meeting in Paris, or at least it will not be officially discussed. The French Government knows enough about the terms Germany is willing to give for this relief to have been able to reach a general line of policy to be followed. The matter will come up for further discussion during the month's Geneva proceedings, and it is still safe to prophesy that, when I next write these notes, there will be no tremendous progress to report. The French stick to their point of view, that any settlement of the Rhine question is

interlinked with some solution of reparations, inter-allied debts, security and disarmament, and, as any one of these topics would keep a debating society going for a year, how long will it be before the Geneva body is likely to have made such advance in theory that the Powers can safely begin to talk practical politics?

Briand, despite his eloquence, is too experienced in world affairs to believe for a minute that fine words butter parsnips; and all his love feasts with Stresemann at Thoiry and Locarno were based upon the distinct understanding that Germany should prove, not only that her democracy was desirous of making sacrifices for peace, but that it was likely to grow in internal strength and international meekness year by year.

French Doubts and Fears. — Great numbers of Frenchmen still feel sufficiently uncertain on this point to make them hesitate to commit their country to the surrender of a single shred of her present armour of security. It is perhaps natural that they should see in many of the various choral, athletic and gymnastic societies of Germany a hidden school of military preparation through which the old ideals of discipline and bodily readiness are kept alive. The "Anschluss Chorus," that new work of Schubert recently heard at the centenary festival at Vienna from hundreds of thousands of German throats, still sounds disagreeably in French ears and reminds them of what a solid German Mittel-Europa would mean to France. The anti-French agitation in Alsace, which can only be kept alive by German encouragement, shows that there, also, the Treaty of Versailles may have been signed, but has not been accepted. So, too, with Germany's dealings with Poland. The vote of a new cruiser and the simultaneous launching of two transatlantic super-liners have also reminded the French that Germany, even the democratic Germany of Locarno and Thoiry, has not altogether lost the *Kolossal* complex, nor the means of indulging it. While no one calls into question the personal sincerity of Stresemann, there are many people here whose sight is not clouded by Pact eye-wash, and who wonder whether Germany, in coming back after ten years' absence from Paris to participate in a ceremony to condemn murder for profit, is not in reality "coming back" in the sense the words are used by an ex-champion heavyweight on his return to the ring.

Next Year's General Election

By Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

THE Parliamentary session which has just come to an end has, at the least, shown clearly that all who have not already given up hope for the future of Britain must endeavour to ensure that a Conservative Government shall hold office after the General Election now rapidly approaching. For the two oppositions have vied with one another in demonstrating their futility and incompetence in debate. Furthermore, it is practically certain that, in default of a Conservative administration, we shall have to bear the burden of a Government controlled, even if not nominally led, by Mr. Lloyd George. If the alternative to the present Cabinet were one composed of the voluble nonentities who occupy the Socialist front bench, one might contemplate such an eventuality, if not without shame, at least without consternation. The political history of 1924 has shown that the permanent Civil Service is fully capable of carrying on the affairs of the nation fairly well for a year or two. Hence the return of an unfettered Socialist Government would probably mean the temporary restoration of steady, old-fashioned Liberalism, directed mainly by the safe, though unimaginative, permanent officials at the Treasury.

But, unhappily, the circumstances are such that a Socialist Government would depend for its very existence upon its subservience to Mr. Lloyd George; and the tone of his interventions in debate during the present Parliament appears to demonstrate his belief that he can never hope again to dominate the political life of the nation, unless the latter is plunged into discord at home or war abroad. His articles in the American Press during our internal crisis in 1926, and his speeches on foreign affairs, appear to prove that now, as in the past, his own political advantage is being pursued with reckless disregard of all other considerations.

If, therefore, after the General Election of next year,

the Conservative Party has not a working majority, a Socialist Government will once again hold office by licence of the Liberal Party. But the latter will not now be under the leadership of one whom, whether we agreed with his policy or not, we all recognized as a man who loved his country, and whose most serious fault was that he did not exact from some of his colleagues the observance of the high code of political honour which he himself obeyed. On this occasion the whip hand will be held by the Arch-demagogue, who (in contradistinction to his predecessor) entered public life almost penniless and became rich, and who, by his policy of "Ninepence for Fourpence" has done more, as I believe, than any man who has ever lived to degrade the character of our people.

We may reasonably expect, then, that if we have a Socialist Government under the control of Mr. Lloyd George, he will drive into wild collectivist schemes the timorous capitalists who are the nominal leaders of the "Labour" Party. By this means will be created that state of chaos and destitution which is the happy hunting-ground of the demagogue. For England's extremity is Lloyd George's opportunity.

It is certain that, as in 1924, a Socialist Cabinet will strive with all its power to avoid being driven into a Socialist policy by its back-benchers. The advantages of wealth are recognized with peculiar clarity both by disgruntled Liberals who find that their inherited fortunes further their personal ambitions more effectively in the "Labour" Party than in either of the others, as well as by those trade union officials who have attained to a considerable degree of opulence by humbugging the underdog. Hence, measures for confiscating wealth, especially unearned wealth, will never willingly be passed by a Government composed partly of men who, without money, would be nothing but little dabs of dirt, and partly of men who look back with horror to those early days of more or less honest toil for scanty wages, which were their lot before they entered upon their self-sacrificing career in politics, and thus in due course reached ease and luxury unalloyed, save only by the fear that their dupes may perhaps begin to find them out. All honour to Mr. Oswald Mosley and his wife, who clearly indicate

that they mean to stick to their money, and are honest enough thus to let the public understand that their hatred of the rich and their love of the poor are nothing but nauseous cant emitted in exchange for the votes of fools. Too many of their weak-kneed "comrades" conceal their wealth and study to give the impression that the life of the "Labour" leader is one of grinding, but inadequately remunerated toil.

The money-obsession which prevails in the "Labour" Party will always tend to restrain the leaders of that curious group of politicians from passing legislation designed to reduce the incomes of the idle-rich class to which they belong. But many of the rank and file are violently dissatisfied with their share of the material good things of the world. These rebels, if the Socialists take office without a Parliamentary majority, will probably be whipped up to activity by Mr. Lloyd George and by such of the "personal fund candidates" as may be elected by the more barbarous constituencies. Wild Socialistic legislation will thus be forced upon an unwilling Cabinet and will produce such results that the syndicated Press will be able to persuade the electorate that salvation is to be found only in a new Coalition dominated by the Arch-demagogue. In this way we may see the return of those glorious days when "every morning brought a noble chance," and when (to use the words of one who was present at a contemporary entertainment in Downing Street) "it was quite informal, we just got up and helped ourselves." For my part, I doubt whether any country can survive the strain of being sacked twice in a generation. Still more doubtful is it whether the House of Lords could survive the advent of a second batch of peers created by the man who nearly lost the war.

If the reader realizes how urgent is the danger of a return to the mad and shameful period of the Coalition, he will perhaps pardon my somewhat unsympathetic references to the present owner of the Liberal Party. The honour and safety of our country appear to depend upon what answer the immediate future will give to the question: Will a substantial part of the electorate learn the true history of the war before it is too late; or will

the self-imposed silence, which Lord Haig characteristically maintained unbroken to the grave, enable the goat to continue successfully to wear the lion's skin? We know well what will be the verdict of history in this matter. Justice will ultimately be done both to those who gave all and to those who took all in the war. But we cannot afford to wait, with a General Election certain to come upon us in less than a year. I have no great admiration for the Conservative Party—if I had, I would join it—but everyone who has watched political developments during the last twenty years will probably agree that the national welfare demands that the Conservative Party should again hold office after the General Election, and thenceforward until some degree of political stability has been re-established. Our political life has never fully recovered from the shock administered to it two years before the war, when the Majority Report of the Marconi Committee showed what can be done with impunity. Real and lasting recovery can only come when those who were responsible for that incident have been driven from the Liberal Party. For, as I believe, we can never gain political stability until a strong and respected Liberal Party is again in being, and is numerous enough seriously to challenge Conservative supremacy. Socialism, as a creed, is as dead as bacon, and nearly every vote for a Socialist candidate has now to be purchased with the promise of money from the public purse. Like many other creeds, it died as soon as the efforts of its protagonists began to bring to them money instead of martyrdom. We can leave the "Labour" Party to squabble with the "Forty Thieves" for the right to loot the community. Those of us who have nothing to gain in public life wish to see a revival of honest Liberalism. For, if what is sound and good in the Conservative Party (and there is a wonderfully large amount of splendid material in the Conservative ranks in the present House of Commons) were contesting the issue with a reformed and reconstructed Liberal Party, politics might again become a delight rather than a penance—and the letters "M.P." after a director's name on a company prospectus might stimulate us to read the document instead of putting it into the waste-paper basket.

There is apparently no reason why the Conservatives should not be returned with a working majority after the General Election, if they do not throw away their chances as they did in 1906 and 1923. During their four years of office, they have undoubtedly cleaned up an appreciable amount of the mess left by the Coalition. The Prime Minister dealt creditably with the revolutionary strike of 1926, which was rendered inevitable by the "People's Budget" of 1910, and was only postponed by the war. The Government's rating proposals, though open to considerable criticism in detail, do at least constitute the first scheme for dealing with unemployment which does not actually accentuate the problem. The policy which those proposals initiate cannot fail to help some of our most depressed industries, and the schemes for the reform of local government, which the Minister of Health has in hand, seem likely to mitigate the worst effects of the complete breakdown of democracy in municipal affairs.

But the greatest asset of the Conservative Party is undoubtedly its leader. Whether he is a great man or not, nobody knows. But we are hopeful that, even if he is not, he can be made one. Certainly he has all the marks of the true Mahdi—an infinite capacity for suffering fools gladly, an engagingly homely exterior, a total lack of oratorical trickery, a real love for pigs and the English countryside, a keen delight in publicly explaining the enormity of any mistake which he happens to have made, and a generous measure of that profound wisdom which causes a man to sit tight and await events in times of crisis instead of raising the foolish cry of "something must be done." There, indeed, we have all the raw material from which a great man can be made. Furthermore, a considerable number of his followers in the House of Commons are determined that, whether he wishes it or not, he shall be a great man. And those who have consciously or unconsciously formed that determination are likely to succeed in their object, since they are the backbone of the Conservative Party, both in character and in ability.

To one occupying my detached position, the Conservative Party in the House of Commons is at present a study

of the most intense interest. It contains in its ranks at least a dozen comparatively young men who, with a little more experience, will make first-rate Ministers, and two or three who, in another fifteen years, will be qualified to occupy the highest office in the State. The other parties have no one in the same category. The Conservative Party has a further source of strength in a group of members of greater age and experience who have no political ambitions of their own, but devote themselves to encouraging or restraining, as the occasion may demand, the ambitions of their younger colleagues. Undoubtedly the Party has a great future before it, whether in office or in opposition.

Nevertheless, it has one terrible weakness. In its ranks are to be found a number of persons, commonly known as the "Forty Thieves," who are apparently under the control, and in some instances in the pay, of outside organizations. Their function, like that of the trade union members of the Socialist Party, is not to act and vote in accordance with what they believe to be the real good of the nation as a whole, but rather to use political influence to "wangle" unfair monetary advantages for the sectional interests which they represent. The rise of the "Forty Thieves" to prominence in Parliament was rendered inevitable by the introduction in Coalition days of the policy of protection, export, trade facility credits, and the like. Political "wangling" is impossible in any country in which the State refrains from interfering with commerce and industry by loading the dice in favour of this or that section of the community—which, when all is said and done, is the only thing that the State can effect in these matters.

The weakness of the "Labour" Party arises from the fact that its whole function is to use political power to rob the community at large for the benefit of a section. But that weakness can hardly be held up for public condemnation by a Conservative Party which harbours the "Forty Thieves." A *tu quoque!* from the "Labour" benches is too obvious a reply to such an attack. Hence the problem which confronts the Conservative Party is that of finding means to free itself from the embarrassment caused by the presence of the group mentioned

above. This problem is by no means insoluble, since the group in question is continually looking back with longing eyes to the great days of the Coalition. A comparatively gentle push would send them *en masse* into the congenial entourage of Mr. Lloyd George, and the Conservative Party would be left temporarily fewer in numbers, but permanently strengthened to an immense extent.

That gentle push can be administered in only one way. The reader will agree that, if there is nothing to "wangle," there will be no "wanglers." If a policy is adopted such that it will be to nobody's interest to maintain representatives in the House of Commons, obviously political prostitution will disappear, and democracy will be saved from perishing through its own corruption. The experience of the Conservative Party in 1906 and again in 1923 ought surely to have taught it that, if the country desires a policy of tricky cleverness, it does not go to that Party for it. The electorate appears to have decided definitely that the Party in question has got to be honest, whether it wishes to be so or not. Conservatives, sooner or later, will be forced to obey the electorate and to cease from their puerile attempts to be dishonest—such as the silly falsehood which they perpetrated when they introduced Protection and called it "Safeguarding." Successful lying demands qualities which neither the Prime Minister nor the bulk of his supporters possess. Why, then, enter into an unequal contest with the past-masters of that art? In short, why not go to the country next year unhampered by a programme of specious fallacies?

Shanghai: Exit the Model Settlement

By J. O. P. Bland

Delenda est. The doom of Shanghai is written. Large and plain is the writing on the wall—a child could read it. Yet great men in high places see it not, or if they see, shake weary heads and look the other way. The great city of the Whangpoo, lately saved from swift red ruin by the British Defence Force, now stands confronted with the prospect of a more humiliating fate by slow, insidious processes of corruption. What Chinese "Nationalism" could not attain by force, it is now in a fair way to achieve by the success of its appeals to the sentimental delusions prevalent at the State Department at Washington and in Downing Street.

* * * * *

"Why is it," people often ask, "that Chinese merchants are so honest and Chinese officials so corrupt?" The question is pertinent, but by no means new; the directors and supercargoes of the East India Company trading at Canton asked it a hundred years ago. The answer is so bound up with the fundamental moralities and social obligations of the race that the trader at the Treaty Ports rarely works it out for himself, while most missionaries are vocationally disposed to ignore it. For the answer is, that the Chinese merchant knows that honesty will pay him better than dishonesty in business, whereas, for the official, the shortest road to wealth has always lain in devious paths and practices of "squeezing." In both cases, it will be observed, the ultimate object is the same—"put money in thy purse." If, pushing the inquiry further, you ask why this should invariably be so, you will find the explanation deep-rooted in China's social system, which imposes early marriages and unlimited progeny as fundamental duties,

inseparable from ancestor worship and the ethical principles of Confucianism. As the result of this system, Chinese history, so far back as we can trace it, is continually punctuated by famine, pestilence, and civil wars, Nature's positive checks to over-population. The fierce struggle for existence thus produced, combined with the cult of ancestors, makes it a matter of imperative instinct for every son of Han to place himself and his family beyond the reach of hunger. The masses pursue this object blindly, throughout laborious lives of incredible hardship; the merchant class seek to achieve it by industry, honesty, and enterprise; while the official class, consisting of the *literati*—old and new—expect to attain it by levying toll upon the community. For one and all "put money in thy purse" is the first article of China's creed. We will leave it at that.

Those who believe that Western learning and Christianity can heal the sickness of the body politic in China are accustomed to skim lightly over this all-important aspect of the problem. They ask us likewise to share their belief that the rapacity of the official class will disappear, together with ancestor worship and all old China's immemorial traditions and beliefs, so soon as Young China has been definitely invested with power to govern the country on democratic lines. This simple faith, it should be said, is seldom professed by those missionaries and teachers who have lived for any length of time in China; it is essentially of foreign origin, offspring of the shrewd politic instincts of the Southern Chinese and the proselytizing zeal of American and English religious societies. It is a faith which, running counter to all experience, postulates for its fulfilment a miraculous metamorphosis. Nevertheless, as the proceedings at the Washington Conference and subsequent events have proved, it holds the field and inspires the policies of the Powers in their dealings with present-day China. It is a faith which cannot be shaken by the opposing evidence of facts on the spot, because such evidence never reaches the birthplaces of its activities. This is matter for regret, for if public opinion in America were better informed concerning the purely personal ambitions and the mercenary designs which underlie the Nationalist

Party's "patriotic aspirations," it might be possible to bring to bear upon the problems of China a more intelligent appreciation of the real needs of her people. Instead of which, everything in the series of concessions which the Powers have made, and are making, preliminary to Treaty revision, is calculated to increase the opportunities of professional politicians and military commanders to enrich themselves speedily at the country's expense, and incidentally to provide the rival factions with new incentives to strife.

Amongst the Chinese themselves the vast fortunes that have been made, and safely secreted in foreign banks, by Tuchuns and other officials since the Revolution, are an open secret and a constant topic of conversation. All classes profess to deplore this state of affairs and to compare it unfavourably with the old regime under the Monarchy, when "squeezers" who exceeded the bounds of decency, as defined by "ollo custom," were summoned to Peking and there subjected in their turn to squeezing processes which restored the money to circulation. Not only has this salutary check upon the money lust of the mandarinate been abolished under the Republic, but the officials of the new dispensation have discovered fresh opportunities in the sympathetic attitude of the foreign Powers. The first of these occurred in 1917, with the sequestration of Austrian and German property and the cancellation of debts to those countries. The non-intervention policy proclaimed at Washington in 1922 opened up several others. By the levy of illegal surtaxes on trade, by the seizure of the hypothecated salt revenues, by failure to meet the Government's obligations, and by compulsory "loans" for military purposes, large sums have passed into the "personal funds" of the faction leaders, North and South.

Ever since the collapse of the Central Government and the beginning of the struggle for power between the Northern and Southern factions, both sides have cast covetous eyes on two rich prizes which, because of the foreigner, remained inviolate, namely, the Maritime Customs revenues and the hoarded wealth of the foreign settlements at Shanghai. With the former we are not at present concerned; suffice it to say that as the result of

arbitrary encroachments on the authority and control of the Inspectorate General, the integrity of the Service which for fifty years has been the mainstay of China's credit has been seriously impaired. As to Shanghai, it is to be observed, *imprimis*, that the dominant cause of the wealth and efficient administration of the foreign settlements lies in the immunity from Chinese taxation and direct jurisdiction conferred on the municipality by the Land Regulations and jealously safeguarded by the ratepayers' representatives since the Taiping rebellion. The early history of Shanghai records continual attempts on the part of the mandarinate to secure a foothold in the settlements for their tax-collectors and Yamen-runners, and to establish precedents in joint administration which would enable them to tap the rich revenues of this the only unplundered city of modern China. But these attempts were always frustrated until recently by the vigilance of the City Fathers, firmly insisting upon maintenance of their lawful *status quo*. After the deplorable surrender of the British Concession to the Nationalists' *coup de main* and the overrunning of the Yangtsze region by Chiang Kai-Shek forces, the plunderable wealth of the Foreign Settlements would undoubtedly have lain at the mercy of the Southern armies had it not been for the presence of the British Defence Force. This providential modification of the Foreign Office's policy of patient conciliation undoubtedly preserved Shanghai from the fate of every Chinese city which has fallen into the hands of the Nationalists' rabble forces.

But the prize of which the military freebooters were balked is now in a fair way to being won by Young China's astute politicians. In deference to the policy of conciliatory concessions, devised at Washington and meekly followed by Downing Street, the foreign community of Shanghai, bowing to higher authority, have conceded the Chinese claim to participation in the government of the Settlement, by adding three Chinese members to the Municipal Council and six to its advisory committees. As a matter of abstract principle, the Chinese claim is undeniable. It is frankly based on "the policy of equality of treatment," and therefore theoretically

as incontestable as, shall we say, their claim to a right of emigration into America on a footing of equality with other nations. In practice, however, its admission is only justifiable on the assumption that the Westernized type of Chinese official will bring to bear upon public affairs Western standards of integrity and civic duty. If those who now claim the right to "co-operate" in the government of Shanghai had ever displayed the qualities requisite to produce and maintain honest administration and sound finance; if it were demonstrably possible for any group of Chinese politicians to rise superior to the dominant morality of the society which produces them—there might be something to be said for "the spirit and principle of co-operation" which they invoke. But things being as they are, the idea of co-operation for any useful purpose is palpably absurd.

The manner in which this graceful concession has been received by the self-elected representatives of the Chinese ratepayers leaves no doubt as to the nature and purposes of the "co-operation" which they have in view. A meeting (of thirty-five persons) at the Chinese Chamber of Commerce was reminded by its chairman that "although the Chinese will have some share in the administration, we feel that our efforts will have been futile if we do not secure executive power. Therefore, apart from the question of Chinese representation, we must fight to secure responsible positions, positions of trust, for Chinese on the staff of the council." There is something grimly humorous in this spectacle of Young China demanding responsible positions of trust in the Shanghai Municipality, while the pitiful results of Chinese maladministration confront all concerned, at their very doors, in the adjacent native city. But there is nothing humorous for the community of the Settlement, natives as well as foreigners, in the prospect of the situation thus created. For, in the spirit of the toad beneath the harrow, the Council has practically conceded in advance the increased demands that have promptly followed the first surrender—demands for a larger number of Chinese councillors and the appointing of Chinese employees to senior positions in the municipal service.

It requires no special gift of prophecy to predict the

results. When councillors Wang, Sun and Chang have placed their sons and nephews in responsible executive positions in the secretariat, police, and other departments; and when these, in their turn, have done their duty by providing members of their families and clans with jobs, to the demoralization of the public service; when, moreover, by dint of official pressure brought to bear on and through the Chinese councillors, China's "sovereign rights" are recognized, as inevitably they must be, by the gradual introduction of mandarin methods of justice and finance—the fate of Shanghai, as the Model Settlement, will be sealed.

There are adventurers in Liberalism who argue that the Treaty Ports of Japan have long since reverted from the control of foreigners to that of the Japanese, and that it were better to hand over those in China forthwith rather than that the quality of justice should be strained. The obvious reply is, that the Japanese Government was justified in claiming a revision of the early treaties because it had proved itself able and willing to protect life and property and to administer justice in accordance with Western ideas, whereas none of the rival groups of politicians who aspire to rule China have ever shown any serious intention of putting their country's dignity and welfare before their personal ambitions. Chinese "co-operation" in the administration of Shanghai might be defensible if those who advocate it could point to a single case of honest and efficient municipal government in any Chinese city. They cannot do so, and until they can, the wisest course, and that most beneficial to the people (as distinct from the politicians) of China, would be to limit Chinese co-operation to honorary, advisory, but non-executive, representation; to give them, in fact, as much "face" as possible, but no control of public funds.

Diplomatic Snapshots

Some Pictures from Official Documents

By Charles Tower

MANY a diplomatist, it may be supposed, has been smitten at some time or other with one of those flashes of insight, those jewels of description, which light up the prophetical books. And many a one—his reach for once exceeding his grasp—must have desired to inscribe one searing epigram in the records of the Foreign Office and thereafter "die of a rose in aromatic pain." To Gallic wits, it appears, such moments occur more frequently than to Anglo-Saxon and the temptation, accordingly, is less often resisted by them. Moreover, these children of Gallic inspiration are not infrequently given public acknowledgment, and legitimized for the scandalization of Europe. "Ils voleront au secours des vainqueurs" came near to wrecking the Allied cause in Italy. Sir Frank Lascelles, sometime Ambassador and "persona gratissima" at the court of the Emperor William II, had two such moments, as those will remember who enjoyed some modest share of his acquaintanceship. He invented or adapted the remark that only one man—and he long dead—had the key of the Balkan puzzle, Alexander. And he repeated to many people one epigram of the Emperor William which struck home. But now the books are opened. Sir Frank's favourite dispatch is published in the third volume of "British Documents of the War," * and one discovers with regret that his epigram was a misquotation and a false attribution. He corrected it, of course, and was accustomed later to quote rightly, for the tragedy of the incident is that it *was* a brilliant *aperçu*. Consider. Here was an emperor at one time mumming it at Marienburg with a famous regiment in the theatrical outfit of Teutonic knights, or making a triumphal entry into the Hohkönigsburg as Divine

* H.M. Stationery Office, 10s. 6d. net.

Julius; at another posing with "Phili" as joint author of the "Song to Aegir," or dictating to his luckless intendant how opera should be staged; yet, again, setting Europe agape with amusement and amazement at his allegorical picture-painting while, as it were, with the left hand, he dotted marks of exclamation over the plans of the memorial church, and all the while scaring Europe with his oratory. "*The* esurient Greek!" said Sir Frank, and the shaft flew straight. Every word apt, and no word too few:

> Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
> Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus,—omnia novit.*

Even "magus," *le mot juste*. Hear Sir Frank's modest commentary:

> A characteristic of the Emperor, on which it is difficult to pronounce an opinion, but a reference to which is necessary to enable a just appreciation of his character to be formed, consists of the mysticism by which he is said to be influenced.

It is no longer "difficult to pronounce an opinion" since Harden told all the world of the "magic ring" which Phili and his friends believed themselves to have woven, or since an anonymous scribe charged "the All-Highest" with wearing a piece of the materialized robe of a spirit in his watchcase and the Hammer of Thor at the end of the chain. If Sir Frank had just looked up his Juvenal . . . Ah, well. *Habent sua fata libelli.*

Sir Frank Lascelles, perhaps, hardly helped to make history. But he certainly helped, which was his mission, to prevent it being made too quickly, and before the slow process of conviction had driven home to our reluctant statesmen and unwilling people the truth concerning the issues they must face. There is hardly a more fascinating entertainment than to reconstruct from these successive volumes of original documents the very men who held the stage in the most dramatic years of European history. Some future Shakespeare, belike, will collate them and fit them to a worthy tragedy of:

> two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.

For us, here and now, some few snapshots must suffice

* Juvenal, iii, 76.

where careful portraiture is left for the future historian, and to some great tragedian "the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt."

There is Sir Edward Grey, for example, a man too honest, it may be, for the cynical effrontery of that Continental era. ("All that we need for Foreign Secretary," said the Liberals in November 1905, "is just a gentleman.")

"I have heard party-politics at home abused as mean and low," he writes to Sir Francis Bertie in Paris, soon after he had taken office (January 15, 1906), "but I think better of them now that Moret has told the French that it will facilitate his support of them at the [Algeciras] Conference if they will provide money to quiet the Spanish opposition; and Russia has demanded a loan on improper terms as the price of her support. The mud of foreign politics is deeper than any I have been in yet. You seem to take it as a matter of course."

Then there is Haldane, a statesman who really took the trouble to learn his job. He has "passed on" now, like many another distinguished figure of the great drama. He writes in his own hand to King Edward from Berlin on September 2, 1906. At the autumn parade he "wore plain clothes and drove among various civilian guests of His Majesty, including a number of ladies." But the Emperor singled him out and "talked of the organization of his War Office which I had been inspecting the day before. . . . I had got a pretty good hold of the business side of this organization, and His Majesty was interested not the less because he had never gone very deeply into it himself. For, as he said, his teacher was General Bronsart von Schellendorff. . . . Fortunately I had read Bronsart von Schellendorff's book twice through, and also that of Clausewitz, on which it was founded." Haldane's "spiritual domestication" in Germany, of which, one remembers, there was some talk, seems to have stood him and his country in good stead. To the Emperor William himself, as reported by Sir Frank Lascelles, we owe another "snapshot" of Ferdinand of Bulgaria; "His Majesty described him as the cleverest and most unscrupulous of the princes who reigned in Europe. . . . The Prince was a very ambitious

man, and hoped to make himself King or Emperor of the Balkans." But it was "Ferdy" whom the Emperor later "caught bending" at Coburg and applied the necessary salute (with his own All-Highest hand) in the customary quarter. The Kaiser we know, and Sir Frank admitted, had a "fondness for indulging in jokes which sometimes may be taken seriously by those who fail to see them." (The "Coburg Salute" will no more be omitted by our future Shakespeare than will the crude jests of the "Herren-Abend" after the Kiel regattas.)

Let me conclude with Sir Edward Grey's own characterization of a section of his own countrymen, that our future Shakespeare may have a memorandum for his stage-crowds. The "chamade" was in full blast (June 1906). Journalists, clergy, mayors, all manner of delegations were crossing the North Sea on missions of "Anglo-German friendship." Champagne was flowing in streams from Hamburg to Munich. Some people in Britain took the thing seriously, and wrote as though there had never been a Tennyson to warn them of the fate of "friendships only made in wine." Sir Eyre Crowe protests. There is nothing to be said for this "fraternizing." It alarms France, and is not in the least degree calculated really to improve relations. Sir Edward Grey quiets the alarm of the Foreign Office with a footnote: "There is nothing more in what has been said about Germany lately in this country than a gratification of the desire to gush, which is very strong just now. And it is as difficult to restrain gushing as it is to restrain tears, when people desire to cry." The "gushers" of the Kellogg Pact might do worse than take note of the statesman's apothegm.

Franco-Italian Malaise

By Percy Sandys

THE continuance of strained relations between France and Italy is a concern to the friends of both countries and a cause of anxiety to the statesmen of Europe. When, some months ago, the announcement of a possible meeting between M. Briand and Signor Mussolini was made, a feeling of confidence and optimism became general. But the sensation was only temporary. It was recognized by the Ministers of both countries that such a meeting could not take place with advantage until the ground had been prepared and pending questions sifted in conversations through ambassadors. The real question is whether Italian aspirations can be satisfied without affecting the integrity, and injuring the prestige, of France.

A special difficulty in the situation arises from the fact that all the demands come from one side, namely, Italy, and all the concessions are expected from the other side, namely, France. The idea of compromise, therefore, a mutual give and take—which is usually present when attempts are made at the friendly adjustment of differences between nations—is entirely wanting. France desires nothing from Italy, except peaceful and correct international behaviour. Her complaints are very simple —continual frontier incidents; general Francophobia in Italy, appearing even in the Duce's own speeches; extravagant demands which (with Signor Mussolini's approval) are formulated at Fascist meetings, claiming certain French colonies and even parts of French home territory; and the virulent abuse of France in the Italian Press. The Government of Italy cannot avoid responsibility for what appears in Italian newspapers, freedom of the Press, like freedom of speech, having been ruthlessly suppressed. In fact, France, not unreasonably accuses Italy of adopting towards her a policy of *coups d'épingles*,

a policy which, with a high-spirited people like the French, may have grave results.

Italy finds difficulty in formulating her " grievances " against France; the only tangible complaint appears to be that asylum is afforded to refugees plotting against the existing Italian regime. It is no doubt true that most of the Liberal, Radical, Socialist, Communist, and even Masonic refugees from Italy have sought residence in France. There is a basic conflict between the ideals of France and the ideals of the new Italy. France holds to the principles of 1789 as the corner-stone of her political institutions; to Signor Mussolini such principles are anathema. Hospitable France receives on an equal footing the political refugees of all foreign regimes. Russian nobles, Georgian patriots, Italian Socialists, all find the same refuge; subject to the very proper condition that they place a reasonable restraint upon their political activities, France having no desire to become a jumping-off ground for *coups d'état* or revolutions directed against any established foreign Government. Anyone with the least knowledge of French psychology and aware of the tenacity with which that nation clings to the doctrines of freedom of opinion and of the Press, must realize that France could never be brought to close her frontiers to foreign political refugees. If in certain French journals (chiefly of the " Left "), a thinly-disguised contempt is shown for the gagged organs of Italy—a contempt also shown by the journals of various other countries—it should be borne in mind that the Parisians of 1830 overthrew Charles X, because he attempted to gag the Press, the liberty of which he had promised to respect. The Italian refugees in France published a paper in their own language; but this journal, having neglected to observe a warning to express itself with more moderation concerning the present Italian Government, was suppressed. This striking act of courtesy and goodwill—which brought upon the French Government angry criticisms from a large section of its supporters—failed to produce any corresponding advance from Italy.

The staggering ambitions of Fascismo stretch in many directions. The important little island of Malta is much

desired; but the wildest Nationalist recognizes the difficulty of obtaining it. Fascismo would like to lay hands on the Canton of Tessino, but such action would certainly bring retribution from some of the Great Powers; a risk which, nevertheless, does not prevent her adopting on the Swiss frontier methods similar to those made use of on the frontier of France, i.e. "incidents" and petty raids. The Northern Tyrol is another territory which Italians find very tempting; but the persecutions endured by the German-speaking populations of the South having on several occasions been brought to light, the seizure of the Northern Tyrol would be a step full of danger.

It seems clearly to be the view of Italy that the quarter offering the best practicable opportunity of satisfying at least in part her territorial ambitions consists of France and her colonial possessions; and as a first step towards advancing her claims in Tunisia, Italy is demanding a special statute for her nationals.

Viewing the question broadly, with the detached impartiality of an onlooker, it must be acknowledged that Italy is in a position not unlike that of Germany before the Great War—a bursting population, a country none too fertile, poor in industries, and with colonies (such as Tripoli) unproductive and difficult to colonize—with the result that unless she obtains new territories, Italy has no option but to send her superfluous citizens to find a home under foreign flags. It is an Italian grievance that in the redistribution of colonies and the assignment of mandates she was (as she considers) treated like a "poor relation," and disregarded; whilst France, richer, larger and more fertile than Italy, and with a stationary population (the majority of whom are reluctant to quit their own shores) possesses immense colonies and protectorates which she can never hope to fill. France, however, would naturally refuse to surrender the smallest portion of her colonies, the prosperity of which has only been brought about by immense sacrifice of blood and treasure; more particularly as she can fairly claim to possess the art of colonial government in a far higher degree than Italy. Morocco is a brilliant illustration of French genius. The appalling cruelties and disorder, which characterized the Cheriffian Empire at the beginning of this century,

have been replaced by a government of law and order, which, while it respects native sentiment, and so far as reasonably practicable, native customs, insists on the modernization and opening-out of this wonderful country. As one step towards this end, magnificent roads have been constructed between all the principal cities.

The large number of Italians who have settled in Tunis make the situation there particularly thorny. Italy claims that these settlers should preserve their nationality, carrying the same down to succeeding generations. In one of the three Tunisian provinces Italians are said to outnumber the French by two to one. But France is anxious to assimilate the Italian element in their territory, and declines, not unreasonably, to allow anything in the nature of a State within a State to be created.

Other and more extravagant Italian claims comprise the Savoy, as "the cradle of Italy's Kings," Corsica—which, as Napoleon's birthplace, even M. Jaurès would not have surrendered—and the French Riviera from Ventimiglia up to and including Nice, the "Queen of coastal resorts." Nice was only ceded to France in 1860, but if Italy's claim to its restoration were accepted, it would follow logically that Sardinia, for which Nice was given in exchange, should be restored to France. It would seem reasonable to say that, geographically, Sardinia is Italian and that Nice and the Riviera are French. The argument based on the large number of Italians living in the places claimed is not of much weight. Italian immigrants are everywhere. Marseilles has a large Italian colony, and many of the Southern Departments of France have huge Italian groups, amounting, in one Department, to a third of the total population. This foreign element is absolutely necessary to provide the labour required in the depleted countryside. In like manner, in the industrial north and north-eastern districts, France has found Polish labour very valuable; and it has been pointed out that although the Poles are present in large numbers, they have not at present set up any claim to possession, say, of the Pas de Calais!

The arrogant demand of Fascismo that France—hitherto the principal Power in the Balkans—should

totally disinterest herself from that field of trouble and intrigue, called forth the *réplique* of the Franco-Jugo-Slav Treaty; a warning which Italy endeavoured to counter by immediately concluding a defensive and offensive treaty with the tiny lawless Albanian State, such a treaty involving in effect an Italian protectorate over Albania. The weak military position of Italy between the Franco-Jugo-Slavian nut-crackers would seem to invite her to less truculent behaviour; but even M. Briand's conciliatory speech on the eve of the Geneva Session last December was most ungraciously received.

The appointment of M. de Beaumarchais as French Ambassador to the Quirinal was welcomed on all sides, and during the last few months "conversations" have taken place which have resulted in France allowing Italy a larger place in the Tangier Statute—*un beau geste*, which the Italians might well appreciate, since it provides at least some satisfaction to Italian *amour-propre*. The mandate over Syria, which has been somewhat of a thorn in the flesh, might, if French public opinion would allow it, be offered by France to Italy. But if this is too much to expect, France might at all events be willing to pass a special statute for Italian emigrants in Tunisia.

A real *détente* in Franco-Italian relations is vital in the interest of both countries, and for the security of the general peace of Europe. The extremism of some prominent Fascists, and the determined efforts of certain Jugo-Slav quarters to compromise France in their constant quarrels with Italy, do not render agreement easy or make its early realization likely. Such an agreement could only be reached after laborious and painstaking efforts; and although many months have passed since M. Briand's speech of November 30, 1927, the time—in the view of those most competent to judge—is not yet considered ripe for a meeting to take place. The friends of both countries continue to hope that 1928 will not close before some practical step has been taken and some happy results obtained.

Lithuania and the League

By J. H. Harley

LITHUANIA looks like contributing an element of variety to the coming meeting of the League Council at Geneva. Generally, in our ancient and jaded country, foreign affairs are not considered a specially entrancing subject. They wage an unequal competition with full-blooded "stunts" and "sensations," and therefore command only few columns in the daily Press. But sometimes the irony of events invests them with a peculiar interest. Who, for example, could fail to be touched when Sir Austen Chamberlain, profoundly disturbed, as he said, "by the wanton provocation of declaring Vilno to be the capital of Lithuania in that country's new Constitution," was baulked in his purpose of moving a relevant resolution by the operation of the Council's own principle of unanimity? His resolution, which asked that the negotiations should be speeded up, was unimpeachable. The ordinary members of the Council were solid in its support. But M. Valdemaras had been added to the Council *ad hoc*; and M. Valdemaras, like the Roman Horatius at the bridge, was indubitably there to bar the way.

This situation, although it lends itself to somewhat sardonic comment, has in it an unmistakable element of seriousness. Europe since the close of the war has never ceased to be somewhat of a powder magazine, and the faintest prospect of a dangerous spark must fill the heart of an observer with ominous fears. Not that Poland—to take the larger and more powerful of the two nations concerned—has behaved other than with the greatest of forbearance under the strongest of provocations. There are continuous reports of frontier incidents. There are suggestions of the movements of troops in impossible towns. There is the obstinate and irritating refusal of Lithuania to agree to any kind of free intercourse between the two countries. There are all sorts of minor incidents which, taken together, must constitute a terrible trial to Polish pride and self-confidence. But, faced with it all, Poland never ceases to pursue the safe and well-beaten path of negotiation and diplomacy. It cannot have been an easy course to take. It is difficult to see our own country provoked as Poland has been, by a very much

weaker foe, and abstaining from any action which even remotely suggests an ultimatum.

Still, there comes a time when even the most amiable of us may feel provoked at last. Forbearance and non-resistance are undoubtedly Christian virtues, but history shows that it must not be presumed that they operate continuously in the minds of Christian folk. The Polish-Lithuanian difficulty is like a nettle which you must grasp strongly, if you are to grasp it with impunity at all. Time must never be left to elapse for troublesome passions to mature. If the League Council is to do anything satisfactory to promote the settlement of this question, it must act with the utmost decision and dispatch. There must be no uncertain language about its resolutions. There must be the most dogged determination that the two parties at issue shall at once resume serious negotiations and carry them on with a desire to arrive at some positive result.

For the real trouble about this question has been the fact that up till now bona fide negotiations have never had the ghost of a chance. Scan, for example, the tortuous course of the recent proceedings dignified by the name of negotiations, which have resulted in nothing that can definitely be called a positive gain. They began with a conciliatory note, dated January 10 of the present year, from the Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs. That note suggested that, in order to carry out the resolutions of the League of Nations Council, direct negotiations should be opened between the two countries on January 31 at Riga on the following subjects: (1) Frontier intercourse; (2) Opening up of postal and telegraphic communications; (3) The establishment of railway traffic; and (4) Questions relating to transit. Surely this is a thoroughly practical programme. There can be no effective negotiations between two countries, on truly serious problems, unless there is that minimum of free intercourse between them which the Polish Foreign Minister suggests. If Lithuania erects a Chinese wall between herself and Poland, and you can only progress with difficulty from one country to the other by a formidable and roundabout detour, must it not be said that she thereby makes it impossible to do anything in the future by the method of free and peaceful negotiations?

It can surely not be seriously denied that in this the Polish Foreign Minister was right, and that, to carry out the League Council's decree of "establishing such relations between the two neighbouring States as will ensure that good understanding between nations on which peace depends," the first and perfectly indispensable condition was to have immediate and unimpeded postal, telegraphic, and frontier communications.

What must puzzle anyone in this country who is in any way interested in the question is that this rather obvious deduction should not be also perfectly plain to M. Valdemaras. But the reverse appears to be the case. It was not until March 31 that the two delegations met at Königsberg, and then, to avoid concentrating his mind on any practical plans for bringing the two countries together, M. Valdemaras was content to war-whoop his old slogan that "Vilno bars the way!" He showed a marked preference for evasive and indirect methods. Instead of the protagonists on either side meeting together around a table and talking over their differences as man to man, the Lithuanian delegates preferred to avoid direct intercourse and proceed by the less effective method of exchanging a shoal of letters. Thus, no sooner had the Königsberg Conference met than the Lithuanian delegates forwarded one of their written demands for an indemnity of 10 million dollars on account of damages suffered through the Polish occupation of Vilno.

This was putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. What British negotiator would make the mistake of believing that, if you were to succeed at a conference in a claim for damages, you could begin by solemnly handing your fellow-negotiator a letter? In accordance with their usual custom, however, the Poles appear to have met this childish manifestation of lack of good faith and experience in the sweetest of tempers. Though they must by this time be as irritated as every one else is by this constant reiteration out of season of an ancient slogan about Vilno, they replied quite courteously that, though they reserved themselves the right to make a counter-claim, they would in due course give the Lithuanian demand adequate consideration. This conciliatory attitude must have been extremely disconcerting to M. Valdemaras, and the result was that, a day or two

afterwards, on April 2, the Conference agreed to set up three Commissions dealing with (1) economic questions; (2) security and indemnities; (3) juridical and—strange mixture!—local traffic by road. The first of these Commissions was to meet at Warsaw, the second at Kovno, and the third at Berlin.

By this time it might have been expected that letters would be at a discount and some practical progress must needs be made. The parties had been got together in committee; they could talk over their different grievances face to face; and there was everything in favour of a kind and conciliatory spirit. Unfortunately it was not to be. The history of these different Commissions is one short tale of impracticability ending in failure. Disaster followed on disaster. At Warsaw the Lithuanian delegates rejected the Polish proposals for the establishment of railway, postal and telegraphic communications. At Berlin there was a no less decisive repudiation by the Lithuanians of a Polish plan for establishing frontier traffic between the two countries. The utmost, indeed, that could be effected at the German capital was a minor agreement which simply confirmed existing procedure dealing with the cases of peasants or farmers whose properties happened to be situated on both sides of the frontier.

There was now only the Commission of Security and Indemnities, which met at Kovno in the beginning of May. If it failed, all failed. And it was speedily manifest that M. Valdemaras intended to practise the old roundabout tactics and that this Commission, too, was destined to fail. On May 8, the Polish delegates submitted a draft of a Treaty of Non-aggression coupled with a Conciliation and Arbitration Convention of the usual style approved by the experts of the League of Nations. The Lithuanians first attempted to counter this by the reiteration of the demand for indemnities, but on finding that the Polish delegates were not to be provoked, they dropped all pretence of parleying, and bluntly declared that the Polish proposals were unacceptable because they pre-supposed a permanent frontier between Poland and Lithuania. Again the old slogan that "Vilno bars the way!"

Then, however, the Lithuanians showed their curious

preference for indirect and evasive to plain and conciliatory methods. They felt that they must make some counter-proposal to the Polish Treaty of Non-aggression, but, instead of doing this at the Commission, they announced that it would be handed by their Minister at Berlin to the Polish Minister at the same German capital. It is almost like a fresh tale from Wonderland. When you want to get to Warsaw from Kovno, you have to go by way of Riga. When you have to get a Treaty of Non-aggression conveyed from Kovno to Warsaw, you have to send it by way of Berlin. But the worst has still to be told. It might have been supposed that a draft Treaty submitted with such tortuous parade would be a bona fide attempt to get on a little farther with the settlement of the question. But when this Lithuanian draft was attentively examined, it was found that it was nothing of the kind.

The Lithuanian Draft Treaty of Security and Non-aggression, indeed, was only another example of the incessant reiteration of the well-worn Lithuanian slogan. It provided (1) for an indemnity to be paid for the damage caused by the military operations which led to the capture of Vilno, and (2) for a new frontier on the basis of the Treaty concluded between Lithuania and Russia in August 1920. Vilno was then to be handed over to Lithuania; and until that was done, the Vilno territory was to be excluded from participation in any indirect traffic between Lithuania and Poland. The spirit of the League Council resolution was, as we have already pointed out, "Negotiate in good faith first, and all the good consequences will come afterwards." The spirit of M. Valdemaras was, "Say all the nasty things in writing first, and, as the late Lord Milner once added, 'Damn the consequences!'"

No wonder, then, that in face of such a spirit the Council of the League has to consider the matter under the most unfavourable circumstances. There is no indication that, as between the two parties concerned, there is the slightest prospect of the real beginning of an arrangement. On May 25 a new Lithuanian Constitution was proclaimed by the President without the assent of his Parliament, and by Article V of this document Vilno was acclaimed as the capital of the Lithuanian Republic.

On June 17 M. Valdemaras made a warlike speech to a Lithuanian military organization at Kovno in which he expressed his confident belief that, under the flag of this organization, the Lithuanians would march on successfully to the recapture of Vilno. On July 7 a Polish note was presented to the Lithuanian Minister at Berlin in which the Lithuanian proposed Treaty was declared inadmissible because it made the "territorial integrity of Poland" the subject of discussion. The Polish note was, however, as usual, very courteous and conciliatory, and as it is never too late to mend, it may have influenced M. Valdemaras to make that proposal to meet again in Königsberg which was countered by the Polish more convenient suggestion to have a meeting at Geneva before the meeting of the Council of the League.

Any conference in the present circumstances between the two parties at issue looks, however, as if it were doomed from the beginning to almost inevitable failure. It is now, as has been already said, for the League Council to make its voice heard and that in no uncertain tones. Not that the Council can do the most good by trying to hammer out a solution itself, as it attempted the last time the subject had been remitted to its most serious consideration. What is needed first of all is that the parties should be got together with a real desire on both sides to negotiate.

Why is it that the previous attempts have proved so sterile and unsuccessful? Partly it is the fault of the Council of the League itself. In its desire to make the first step as easy as possible to the Lithuanians, it added a rider to its resolution for the reopening of negotiations declaring that "the present resolution in no way affects the questions on which the two Governments have differences of opinion." By this the League could only have meant that the negotiations were not to start on questions on which there was a known difference of opinion between the Governments; that is to say, that Vilno was no longer to bar the way. M. Valdemaras, however, chose to interpret this rider in quite another fashion. He took it as meaning that the Council of the League intended to intimate that Vilno was still an open question and that, therefore, it was allowable for him to take it as the starting-point of the new conference.

It is open, as has been said, to the Council, at once and in the clearest and most unmistakable terms, to remove all doubt on this score. It should make clear, beyond the slightest reach of cavil, that it never proposed, in any sense or form, to question the validity of the decision taken by the Ambassadors' Conference on the subject of Vilno. It is evident, indeed, to anyone who studies the records of their meeting initiating the negotiations that there never could have been any intention to cast doubts on a settlement solemnly ratified by the Allied and Associated Powers. But this conclusion must be made apparent as well to the rather difficult mind of M. Valdemaras. It is only on such a condition that negotiations can be resumed with any reasonable hope for the future.

For there really is a reasonable hope for the future, if once negotiations are fairly started and continued. This could not always be the case if the method were adopted of negotiating on other questions on which the cry for revision has been raised. For example, it would be futile to propose negotiations between Poland and Germany as regards territorial changes in the so-called Polish Corridor. On this question, as anyone who knows the Polish attitude would fully recognize, there is not on the part of Poland the slightest intention to compromise. There have been suggestions, emanating, of course, from German sources, of a proposal at the present juncture to offer Poland Memel as a *quid pro quo* for some concession in the Corridor. But no Polish Ministry could survive for a single day which proposed to barter what is regarded by the Poles as Polish territory in return for any other possible territorial *quid pro quo*. It would, therefore, be futile to propose any serious negotiations on this point, and it is difficult even to conceive the Council of the League initiating such proceedings, in the present circumstances of Europe, without the previous consent of Poland.

There is, however, on the Lithuanian question everything to hope and nothing to fear from the initiation and progress of free and friendly negotiations. Already a very considerable amendment of the present state of affairs has once been accepted by a Polish Government—namely, the first Hymans scheme.

This scheme created two autonomous cantons, the Canton of Kovno and the Canton of Vilno, connected somewhat on the analogy of the Swiss Federation. These united cantons and Poland were also to appoint delegations to regulate foreign affairs somewhat on the analogy of the old Austro-Hungary. Whether it would now be possible to resuscitate such a scheme exactly on the old lines, or whether, if resuscitated, the Polish Government would now accept it as a solution of the question, it is, of course, impossible to say. But the fact that as the result of negotiations a Polish Government was at one time willing to accept such a scheme shows that on the Polish side, at least, there is no objection to travel a long way in the desire to find a friendly solution.

It may be replied that it takes two parties to make negotiations successful and that Lithuania rejected the first Hymans scheme. But why did Lithuania reject it? Because then, as now, she raised questions of what should be the official language of the Vilno Canton, and quite evidently desired to place some embargo on the official recognition of Polish. The Lithuanians realized only too well that the percentage of Lithuanian-speaking people is negligible. In fact, if Vilno were handed over to M. Valdemaras tomorrow, he would find it absolutely impossible to impose the Lithuanian language compulsorily on the present populace. That is why he is so evidently afraid that, if there were today any free communication between the two countries, the Polish culture would win all along the line.

If, however, the Council of the League of Nations once makes its position plain to the Lithuanians, it will certainly clear the air. There can then be no question of making negotiations futile from the start by the reiteration of an old and discredited slogan. Already both Germany and Russia, to whom M. Valdemaras frankly confessed when he was in this country that he looked for sympathy and help, are seriously perturbed lest M. Valdemaras has already gone too far in the direction of prejudicing his own case. It is now to be hoped that the Council of the League will interpose with such evident effect that complete communication and unimpeded commercial relations may be the rule between the two countries at the earliest possible date.

The Problem of Local Government

By Frank S. Hill

THE inborn desire of the English people to govern themselves by means of committees is proverbial, and speaking in general terms, this method of controlling communal life has proved to be satisfactory. With the spreading of the race over the earth's surface, the principle has been carried far and wide, and with varying modifications has been adopted by many other countries. In a large measure the Gewita, or councillor, of the Anglo-Saxon Witenagemot, despite the Norman Conquest, has persisted through the centuries, and proved to be a real asset in the life of civilized people.

With the passing of time, however, the needs of communities have become more exacting; the accessories of our modern urban life have increased enormously within a generation, and this increase is reflected in the greater amount of work thrown upon local authorities. The primitive committees soon felt the need of an increasing number of officers to execute the work for which they were responsible. At that time the control of purely local matters was not considered to be possible by any central authorities. For instance, the Town Improvement Acts of long ago were passed because of the necessity of having some local body responsible for local needs of towns, and the paving and care of the public ways was one of the first demands of growing communities, who soon found the need for improving their inchoate organizations. Other answers to these growing needs in modern times were the early Public Health Act of 1848, which was merged into that great Local Government and Sanitary Charter, the Public Health Act of 1875, and the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, which was ultimately replaced by a larger measure, the Municipal Corporations Act of 1882.

Whatever variations in the English method are in existence elsewhere, such as the burgomaster, or the business manager, it is safe to assume that English people

will not entirely surrender the principle of electing from among themselves members to represent them, although this procedure may be qualified by the fact that for the constitution of certain authorities, these directly elected representatives may be empowered in turn to elect from their number representatives to serve on such authorities. Lord Grey's statement of what constitutes the true ideal of Parliamentary Government is equally the true ideal of local government. "The theory and practice of Parliamentary Government is not that of government by experts, but by men of general experience and proved capacity, presiding over experts who are the civil servants in our public affairs." Before, however, any radical changes are effected, it will be necessary to give very careful consideration to the subject which, it must be confessed, bristles with difficulties. It is interesting to note that Aristotle is stated to have analysed the constitution of 300 States before he wrote a line of his "Politics"; and the involved nature of municipal activities today makes it at least equally important that the Royal Commission on Local Government, now inquiring into the subject, shall be in possession of the fullest possible information before arriving at any conclusions in a matter so vital to the well-being of the community. The words of Aristotle are worthy of remembrance: "We must study facts." "Experience alone can give general principles on any subject." Not the least hopeful sign of the whole-hearted desire of the Commission thoroughly to explore the question is the fact that leaders of the National Association of Local Government Officers are being consulted and their experience investigated. The help that well-trained officials can give to the community is very great. But for these, the confusion and overlapping of existing authorities would be more acutely manifested; these trustworthy officials, frequently working at a disadvantage, are often able to bring about good results despite the defects of the machinery of local government. The best organized systems may fail if the officials who work them do not rise to the occasion. On the other hand, defective systems may be, and, indeed, have been, made tolerable when administered by efficient officers.

The question of the balance of power between these

two bodies may, in passing, be commented upon. It is one that needs very careful adjustment; on the one hand, the control of the professional (the official) by the amateur (the councillor) should apply within such limits only as will not interfere with the practical working of the machinery of local government; on the other, the official must ever bear in mind the fact that he is under the control of the councillor. It is for the councillor to rule, and for the official to obey. An official must be prepared to obey the instructions of his authority, even if he disagrees *in toto* with its policy; he should, of course, be entitled to place his views fully and freely before his authority without being prejudiced thereby; but there might possibly be occasions when in the public interest an official would have to appeal to a superior body, and any official so placed should be, and in fact is, protected in some measure. For instance, a medical officer of health might feel it his duty, after all other ways had failed to secure some action urgently needed in the public interest, to appeal to the Ministry of Health, or the council of the county concerned; and for this and other reasons, these officers, and others whose duties may place them in invidious positions, such as public analysts or sanitary inspectors, are given protection which is not accorded to the majority of their municipal colleagues.

Considering the question of division of responsibility, it may be well to liken the municipal life of the people to a business concern, for as a matter of fact, most of our large towns are now actively engaged in large business undertakings. If the true civil spirit is engendered among the people, the individuals will feel a sense of responsibility such as a shareholder would, in any concern in which he had voluntarily invested his money—especially should this spirit be active among the ratepayers. Councillors stand in a position somewhat similar to that occupied by directors of a company. Two questions arise in this connection—first, payment, if not for their services, then as some sort of recompense for the time and energy they devote to their work; and, secondly, the proper training of such men and women for their duties.

Again, the responsibility of the official is of a *legal* nature; he can be punished for wrong-doing by dismissal

or prosecution; but that of the councillor is purely *moral*. He may be the cause of a community being committed to very wasteful expenditure, or may be guilty of conduct which, though it perhaps cannot be punished at law, is highly irregular. The worst punishment that can be inflicted upon him under such conditions may be the loss of his seat at the following election, but this, alas! is often the fate of zealous and conscientious councillors.

Democracy in ancient Greece was at its zenith in the age of Pericles, but such democratic government was not entirely of the nature envisaged by the ideal of democracy in a modern state as summed up by Abraham Lincoln in the saying: "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." The emphasis placed upon the second phrase, "by the people," in modern times has altered the complexion of government, and recent developments are making it more than ever necessary that, if representatives of the people are to perform the act of government, then it is incumbent upon them to obtain the necessary qualification.

The Central Government has for some time maintained a measure of control over the actions of local bodies. As far back as 1834 the Poor Law Act of that year set up a central department, while providing for the local administration of the Poor Law. This was the first Act to provide for local authorities on a representative basis.

Today, control is exercised, generally, by various Government departments and by district auditors. Some are inclined to the belief that such controlling authorities pay too much attention to detail and not enough to general lines of conduct and action. On this point it may be mentioned that the officials of the Ministry of Health have been called the "General Staff" of local government; but an inherent weakness of this organization is that these staff officers are not always promoted from the local government service, in which they all should first serve an apprenticeship prior to promotion or selection for meritorious service.

Another development of the work of councils beyond that of administering laws and regulations is legislation itself. Local authorities promote Private Bills in Parliament and issue by-laws. Since the early days of the Poor Law, rates have been made and levied by local

bodies, the approval or permission of the local justices of the peace where such arrangement existed being purely formal. With regard to appellate jurisdiction, in recent years the tendency has developed of transferring power from justices to councils, but the wisdom of this step is very questionable; as an instance, the procedure laid down in recent Housing Acts may be quoted. It is obviously undesirable for a council who condemn defective property upon reports of their officers, themselves to make the consequential closing orders or demolition orders, formerly issued by magistrates or justices of the peace. It is true the aggrieved persons have a right of appeal to the Ministry of Health, but however estimable and trustworthy the Ministry's inspector may be, the fact that he is not a dispenser of the King's justice is indisputable; he is an official, and any appellant in such a case may be sympathized with to some degree if he thinks it unfair that his judge's inspector, like his opponent, should be a paid official of an authority. It is possible, indeed quite probable, that owing to his technical or professional knowledge, a recommendation made by such an inspector to the Ministry may be arrived at more clearly by reason of that knowledge; but from the point of view of clear unambiguous government, it is doubtful if the innovation made in the Housing Acts is wise, in view of the present constitution of councils, and their too great dependence upon their officials' opinions and decisions.

If it be agreed that the burden of local government is becoming too heavy and too complex for many councillors adequately to carry, equipped, as at present, with limited knowledge in their task; and if it be realized that *that burden is not yet at the maximum load*, then it will be understood that some further amendments are necessary in the scheme of local government. The opinion that the development of municipal enterprise is not by any means exhausted is endorsed by the Minister of Health himself. In a foreword to the book entitled "Britain's First Municipal Bank," relating to the history of the Birmingham Municipal Bank, Mr. Neville Chamberlain says: "Have we, indeed, reached the limit of what municipal enterprise should be allowed to attempt, if we confine it to a single town? For my part, I would

as soon endeavour to imprison a volcano." It will naturally raise feelings of regret among many people to hear that mayors, aldermen, and councillors must be improved upon; but it should be borne in mind that the officials of the ancient Manorial Courts "had their day, and ceased to be," and after they had served their generation were superseded. The local government of England has been carried on through the centuries by various authorities, e.g. the community, the lord of the manor, with his court leet and court baron, and the Church; but it seems finally to have come to rest with the community.

The large amount of independence enjoyed by local authorities has, at all events, had in its favour the fact that it allowed of experiments in various matters, and while things were in the stage of early growth, this was all to the good, but the question of more rigid standardization of local administration has now become urgent.

That local authorities have begun to incline in this direction is shown by the existence of such united bodies as the Association of Municipal Corporations, the County Councils' Association, the Association of Urban District Councils, and the Association of Rural District Councils. These associations represent a certain measure of pooled knowledge, mutual help, and mutual profiting by the experience of the members. Another form of control which makes for economy as well as uniformity of administration over a larger area than would otherwise obtain is the creation of the "Joint Committee" or "Joint Board." Nevertheless, an initial weakness lies in the method of forming councils. There is the election to be faced. Many authorities have vainly struggled for years to keep themselves free from the curse of party politics; but where no political feeling is apparent, it is often for the reason that the council is of one mind and party in the matter. Some men who would gladly serve their fellows and who have the leisure and ability so to do, are loath to contest seats at election time, or to become "ticket" men and thus secure election *en masse*.

Sufficient it is to say, that so long as the vital services of a community, or allied optional services, are liable to be subject to radical alteration or abolition due to changes in the membership of the council, or unjustifiable changes in its policy, then a proper state of stability and progress

will not be attainable. Any assembly of persons, especially if there be a "Strangers' Gallery," is liable to suffer from the efforts of the excessive talker who may imagine himself to be a real demagogue. A well-known traveller and writer who secured election upon a town council once remarked that he had studied forms of government in many lands under widely varying conditions, but he had never seen anything approximating to the existing English system of "government by garrulous greengrocers." This is, of course, an exaggeration of present-day conditions, but there is an element of truth in it, as there is always a tendency for the talker to displace the thinker.

The principle of election, as has already been stated, has been an integral part of our constitution for a long period, although the electorate has varied with the passing years, but however excellent the present method may be, it has not always been rigidly adhered to in the past. The Metropolitan Board of Works, which existed from 1855 to the formation of the London County Council, was an *indirectly* elected body—each London Vestry or Board nominating its members. This Board did very good service notwithstanding the criticism levelled at it. During its lifetime the main drainage, the fire brigade, various bridges and Thames embankments were formed, to say nothing of lesser works—while its successor, the London County Council, except for a few aldermen, is a directly elected body, and has been handicapped by party politics. The Metropolitan Water Board is a notable example of an efficient, indirectly elected authority; with its seven million customers it is probably the largest municipal authority in the world.

Other excellently managed authorities, indirectly elected, and doing good work, are the Metropolitan Asylums Board, the Port of London Authority, and the Thames Conservancy Board. One of the latest formed is the London Traffic Board, which is still to some extent in embryo.

From what has been said it is evident that the government of modern towns today calls for increasing improvement in the controlling machinery, and in larger towns, or union of towns, the formation of some kind of provincial parliament is worthy of consideration. London

now, as always, calls for special treatment, and if the inevitable peripheral growths are to be included, it must sooner or later embrace some such comprehensive area as the Metropolitan Police district, or the London and Home Counties electricity district which includes London, Middlesex, parts of Herts, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Bucks, and Berks. It is clear that any authority over such an extended area must be raised to a position of dignity commensurate with its responsibility, but the most important thing to remember is that the whole structure finally rests upon the unit, the individual; to repeat a well-known phrase, the strength of a chain is the strength of its weakest link, yet sometimes people act as though the strength of the strongest link was the criterion of efficiency. The need is for a yet higher standard of intelligence, efficiency, and public spirit among the many councillors; but the best means for securing this improvement are not easily ascertainable. Payment of members of important bodies, such as county councils, who give very much of their time, sometimes perhaps at a financial loss to themselves, has probably less in its favour than against it. The experiment has been tried in Parliament, and on the whole it may be said that a modern House of Commons is as alert and efficient as earlier Houses, but the extension of this principle to local government is very questionable.

There can be little doubt that for the more important local governing bodies the system of nominating members from less important authorities is good, although it is a moot point whether the whole membership should be so constituted. Such members are usually men of experience who have acquired a certain amount of the method and routine of local government; they are also, from first-hand knowledge, able to represent the views and needs of the district by which they are nominated, and are in some measure directly answerable to their immediate local authority, membership of which should always be retained by them.

Broadly speaking, therefore, our local governing bodies today may be divided into two categories: (1) those wholly and directly elected, and (2) those in part directly elected. These latter include authorities on which members are co-opted, or to which they are

nominated. Any reference to non-elected authorities, such as the Commissioners of Police for the metropolis, is purposely omitted from this article. Incidentally it is not suggested that the municipalization of control would of necessity improve the administration of such authorities; for instance, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, or Greenwich Park, managed by the Royal Parks' Division of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, are controlled as efficiently as, for example, Hampstead Heath by the London County Council; the only criticism of such almost autocratic control is that it is not democratic, not that it gives bad results. Anyone who has had experience with local councils knows that often it is only a few members who bear the chief burden of responsibility, or who are relied upon for attendances at meetings and for sound judgment. The need lies in securing more councillors of the enthusiastic, and in the broadest sense, educated type.

One has only to think of the number of health committees or maternity and child welfare committees that are functioning without the great assistance afforded by the presence of medical practitioners among their members; too often the Medical Officer of Health is the only doctor on such important committees, and yet it cannot be denied that for breadth of education and liberal training probably no profession excels the medical.

Similarly, housing committees without adequate representatives who possess first-hand knowledge of how the poor live, and who are keenly alive to the urgency of the subject, are greatly handicapped, especially if they consist merely of well-meaning but ineffective members.

Many instances to prove the need for councillors with special training or experience might be quoted, such as the value of the presence of scholarly men and women on education committees, of engineers on works' committees, and of persons with financial ability on finance committees. The difficulty lies in securing the membership of such desirable citizens on these committees, and the idea here put forward is that certain sections of the community should have the privilege of nominating members on local government councils. Such persons should be co-opted to equal rights with the elected members; and the Ministry of Health should indicate organizations, etc.,

which might usefully be invited to nominate for co-option. If it should be considered inadvisable to reduce the existing number of elected councillors, such nominated members might be added to, rather than substituted for, the present numbers, but in any case not less than a working majority should continue to be elected. Any scheme of the sort might be made optional while in the experimental stage, and should begin with only a few additional members. The question what organizations and sections of the community should be included needs careful consideration, but practically everyone will agree that a mayoress should have a seat on the council of her district. If local divisions of the British Medical Association could be induced to nominate one or two of their members—certainly their chairman—to serve on the local council, their presence on a public health committee and maternity and child welfare committees would be very valuable. One of the recommendations of the Consultative Council on Medical and Allied Services, established under the Ministry of Health Act, 1919, was that the medical profession should be represented on the proposed new health authorities. In those districts, too, where the clergy and ministers of various denominations unite in a fraternal association, one or two of their number might well be added to the local body. Similarly in districts where there are nursing associations doing valuable work, their lady president, hon. lady secretary, or other head might well serve on a maternity and child welfare committee. The value of these members would be that they would be quite independent of party politics, party groups or "tickets," and could act fearlessly and impartially. Such a scheme, if abused and made the cat's paw of party politics, would be a failure and not worthy of continuance; but properly applied, it would serve a very useful purpose in strengthening the hands of local authorities, and, while not destroying the ancient principle of election at the polls of representatives of the people, it would be in conformity with "government of the people, by the people, for the pepole," and yet another phase of our constitutionally and wisely ordered Government, which proves its fitness to govern by its adaptability to the changes bound to occur in the evolution of our complex civilization.

Tolstoy the Novelist

An Introduction*

By Robert Hichens

SOMEONE to whom I was talking recently about literature said to me, "The interest in the works of Tolstoy is not what it was. In fact, the young scarcely read him. He makes little appeal to them. His books are read and admired only by the middle-aged and old." I was surprised but I did not contradict him. I hoped that his statement was untrue. But it might be true. I knew this from an experience of my own connected with a sister art, the art of music. Not long before I had had in my house an exceptionally talented young German musician, a brilliant pianist and a composer of marked ability. His age was twenty. He played to me a great deal of modern music, composed by Hindemith and other young lions of Germany and elswehere. We discussed music, and without pose he told me that he did not care at all for the songs of Brahms. I spoke of Wagner and he said: "Oh, in my country we of the young generation are not great admirers of Wagner's music. We find it too elaborate, heavy and dull." "You find the Meistersinger dull?" I said. He made a *moue*. "Perhaps that is the best of Wagner's operas," he replied. "But we are not devoted to Wagner. No, not at all." And then he went on playing, beautifully, the very different music of—the young.

It seems, therefore, that there are people of great talent and accomplishment who consider such creators as Tolstoy and Wagner outmoded, who think of them as men who have had their day, and who genuinely believe that they are well on their way towards neglect, perhaps even towards eventual oblivion. I had this in mind

* This article has been written by Mr. Robert Hichens as an introduction to "Two Hussars," in the limited centenary edition of Tolstoy's works, which is being published by the Oxford University Press.

when I was asked to write a preface to Tolstoy's story, "Two Hussars," for the edition which is to celebrate in England and America the centenary of his birth. And the burden of it inclined me to melancholy. Would this new edition find buyers, readers? Was it wanted? Would people care about it?

I began to read, to study this story of the two hussars, father and son. Although I had read not only a great deal of what Tolstoy wrote, but also many books about him, although I considered him not only the greatest Russian writer, but the greatest novelist who has ever lived, I had never read "Two Hussars." Compared with "War and Peace," "Anna Karenina," "Resurrection," even with "The Death of Ivan Ilych" and "The Kreutzer Sonata," it is only a trifle. Yet when I had finished it, re-read it, finished it again, all my doubts about the lasting quality of Tolstoy's work, the long duration of his world-wide reputation, had left me. I was comfortably certain that Tolstoy is one of the Immortals.

From what did my certainty come? Upon what was it founded? What is the secret of Tolstoy's greatness, shown not only in such mighty works as the immense novel, which I think his finest, "War and Peace," and in "Anna Karenina," perhaps his most popular and most widely read book, but in everything he has written? Musing, seeking, wishing to justify to myself my conviction, I opened the book I had just closed at random, and my eyes fell on the following passage:

"The family and members of the household were sitting in the little drawing-room of the old house, with its open door leading out on to the verandah, and open windows overlooking the ancient star-shaped garden with its lime trees. Gray-haired Anna Fëdorovna sat in a lilac jacket on the sofa, before which stood a round mahogany table on which she was laying out cards. Her old brother, in clean white trousers and blue coat, had settled himself by the window, and was plaiting a cord out of white cotton with the aid of a wooden fork—an occupation his niece had taught him, and which he liked very much, as he could no longer do anything, and his eyes were too weak for his favourite occupation, newspaper reading.

Pimochka, Anna Fëdorovna's ward, sat by him learning a lesson—Lisa helping her and at the same time, with wooden knitting needles, making a goat's-wool stocking for her uncle. The last rays of the setting sun shone, as usual at that hour, through the lime-tree avenue and threw slanting gleams on to the farthest window and the what-not standing near it. It was so quiet in the garden and the room that one could hear the swift whirr of a swallow's wings outside the window, and in the room Anna Fëdorovna's soft sigh, or the slight groan of the old man as he crossed his legs."

I turned back a page and read :

" Anna Fëdorovna was still living, but was already so far from young that she did not even consider herself young, which means a good deal for a woman. She had grown very fat, which is said to make a woman younger but deep, soft wrinkles were apparent on her white plumpness. She never went to town now, it was even difficult for her to get into her carriage, but she was still as kind-hearted and still just as silly as ever (now that her beauty no longer biases one, the truth may be told). With her lived her twenty-three-year old daughter Lisa, a Russian country belle, and her brother, our acquaintance the cavalry officer, who had good-naturedly squandered the whole of his little property, and had found a home for his old age with Anna Fëdorovna. The hair on his head was quite gray, his upper lip had fallen in, but the moustache above it was still carefully dyed black. Not only his forehead and cheeks but even his nose and neck were wrinkled, and his back was bent; yet in the movements of his feeble, crooked legs, the bearing of a cavalry officer was still perceptible."

How effortless and how perfect both of these descriptions are !

It is a parrot-cry among the critics of our day that " detail," as they call it, is unnecessary and boring. All through Tolstoy's writings you will find minute detail, as in the works of all the Russian authors of any note with whom I am acquainted. And it is just this masterly presentation of detail which gives such intense life to their word-pictures. In the first of the two quotations which I have given, Tolstoy tells us that Anna Fëdorovna's

house was *old*, that her drawing-room was *little*, that her garden was *ancient* and *star-shaped*, that she was wearing, as she played cards, a *lilac* jacket, that she laid out the cards on a *round mahogany* table, as she sat on a *sofa*, that her old brother wore *clean* white trousers, that Lisa was knitting with *wooden* knitting needles a *goat's-wool* stocking, that the stocking was for her uncle, that the last rays of the setting sun threw its gleams on to the *farthest* window and the what-not standing near it—and so on. In almost any modern book such details would probably be condemned as superfluous by many critics. Yet without them we should not get the living picture Tolstoy gives us. One is literally in the little drawing-room with that Russian family. One hears the whirring of the swallow's wings, and sees the slanting sunbeams falling through the farthest window upon the what-not. The soft sigh of Anna Fëdorovna is audible to us and the groan of the cavalry officer—as he crosses his thin legs.

We are living with these people in their country house to which the hussars are coming in a cloud of dust. And so it always is with Tolstoy. Open any novel or story of his where you will—I have tried it—and at once you are confronted with life. Tolstoy cannot create puppets. He does not know how to. He can only create living human beings. The show in his books is never a puppet show. Always it is life itself. In reading his stories one never feels, "It could not have happened so," never, "It might have happened so," but always, "It did happen so. That was the way of it."

There are writers who achieve a wonderful effect of simplicity. Anatole France, for instance, often does. Flaubert does in his marvellous story, "Un Cœur Simple." Our own George Moore does in his masterly "Esther Waters." But somehow, if one reads them with intense attention, one sometimes becomes conscious that this simplicity, so admirable, so delightful, is an achievement, something perfectly, but very deliberately, done. With Tolstoy—I speak, of course, only for myself—one is unconscious of any achievement in connection with the simplicity of the style. Tolstoy has something to tell you, and he just tells it to you without apparently any premeditated art, tells it to you with supreme naturalness.

And yet he tells it to you perfectly. The thing just happens on paper as you would expect it to happen in life. One feels that one is reading not fiction but truth. There is no slightest veil of art or craft hanging between the reader and the narrative read. You open a book of his, and Nature and you, human nature and you, look into each other's eyes. The moon shines, and it is just the moon you know so well, the moon that has brought you dreams and longings—not a novel writer's moon. The nightingale sings—as in "Two Hussars"—and it is the nightingale you have heard, not Tolstoy's own particular nightingale.

One day I talked with Madame Soukhotine, Tolstoy's eldest daughter, and she told me that her father was often dissatisfied with his work, and continually altered it both in manuscript and in proof. She assured me that one of his stories—I believe "Master and Man"—was changed and partially re-written as many as thirty times. And she showed me a photograph of one of Tolstoy's manuscripts, as altered by him after he had had it back from the printers. It was a maze of minute re-writing.

Nevertheless, the art of Tolstoy is so absolutely hidden that I can scarcely believe in its existence. He may have written a story thirty times, but I am positive that each one of the thirty versions, whatever its defects, seemed as natural as a child by itself in a room without a looking-glass.

A young Russian with whom I once discussed Tolstoy said that Tolstoy was not always true to life in his writings. I asked for proofs.

"Tolstoy glorified the peasants," said my friend. "He held them up to us as full of love and simple virtues. Since the Revolution we know better. We know that many of them are barbarians and fiends."

There is, I think, among aristocratic Russians a very strong tendency to depreciate Tolstoy at the present time. I have noticed this tendency ever since the Revolution. It is said that Tolstoy "stirred up" the peasants, inspired the under-dogs with a fierce spirit of revolt, and so forth. It is entirely forgotten that Tolstoy preached against force, denounced violence, and urged men to cultivate love, gentleness, unselfishness, and

charity. I cannot see that he "glorified" the peasants. Certainly he allows them their virtues, but he never covers up their vices. And he was the last man to pretend that any human being is all good. His exposure of his own faults was unsparing. I do not believe that a more fundamentally sincere writer ever wrote.

"Two Hussars," written when Tolstoy was twenty-seven, is not a continuous story with a plot. It merely displays for us, with little comment by the author, a father and son. The father is presented as a young soldier in the first part of the story, the son as a young soldier in the second part. The father is curiously attractive in spite of his faults. The son is not a "villain" —did Tolstoy ever draw a "villain"?—but when at the end of the narrative Cornet Polozov, leaping out of bed, exclaims, "Count Turbin, you are a scoundrel!" something in most people will probably assent. And yet in both these portraits Tolstoy shows his greatness in his total lack of exaggeration. The father is a bit of a rascal, yet one almost loves him. The son is a bit of a rascal, too, and one does not love him at all. But the first part of the tale is not white, and the second part is not black. As in Life, we find good and evil mingled together, but the basis of the one character is generous and the basis of the other is mean and hard.

Both the Hussars visit the Government of K——. Both of them become acquainted with Anna Fëdorovna. When the father meets her, she is a charming little widow with whom he falls in love for a night. When the son meets her, he finds her a fat, negligible, grey-haired provincial woman from whom he ruthlessly wins at cards, whose vexation only amuses him, and whose daughter he would gladly seduce if that were possible.

The first part of the story ends with the father's departure from K——, having satisfied his desire while there. The second part ends with the son's departure, having failed to satisfy his desire. Luck was with the daring, impulsive father. It was absent from the saucy, insidiously cold son. No moral is drawn. No sermon is preached. We have simply a display of two characters, briefly shown in action. There is no elaborate analysis of their mental processes. We gather what they are

from what they say and from what they do. They live before us, live completely. The one is recklessly generous, the other is a niggard. Old Anna takes the son into her house, treats him with honour, spreads scented linen on his bed, gives him of her best. In return he chuckles over her misery in losing her money to him at "preference," and steals at night to her daughter's bedroom in the light of the moon. An unworthy son of a rascally, but lovable, father! And both of them ride away. And as they ride, we feel mysteriously the delicate flight of time. The wings of the swallow were heard in old Anna's drawing-room. No slightest sound comes from the winged years. But Tolstoy somehow, in his wonderful way, makes us hear them with our minds, feel the swift passing of youth, the noiseless vanishing of beauty, ardour, and love. The whole story is bathed in the atmosphere of life. But one feels decay and death in it, too. Tolstoy tells us with his magical and deep simplicity, in a paragraph, of the time-gap dividing the two Hussars:

"More than twenty years had gone by. Much water had flowed away . . . still more ideas had been born and died; much that was old and beautiful, and much that was old and bad, had perished; much that was beautiful and new had grown up, and still more that was immature, grotesque, and new, had come into God's world."

So it was. And so it is now and always will be. The old and beautiful perishes with the old and bad, and life is in labour with the beautiful and new, and with that which is new, immature and grotesque. We have to bear our losses—and we have to put up with our gains. So, perhaps, some day the beautiful work of Tolstoy will die, his old and beautiful work. When I look again into "Two Hussars," when I read certain passages in it, I feel that perhaps my first comfortable assurance of Tolstoy's immortality as author was ill-founded. He himself tells me that much that is old and beautiful perishes. What is more, he makes me feel that it is true. But his works, I am convinced, will be read and re-read for a very long time, and will move the hearts of men as well as their minds. For, like all great men, Tolstoy continually gets down to the heart of things.

Lisa is sitting at her bedroom window on the night when the hussars are in the little house. She is thinking of love, wondering whether she has not been wasting her life. Has she missed happiness? Can that be true?

"She looked into the depths of the sky, lit up by the moon and covered by light, fleecy clouds that, veiling the stars, crept nearer to the moon. 'If that topmost white cloudlet touches the moon, it will be a sign that it is true,' thought she. The misty, smoky streak ran across the bottom half of the bright disc, and, little by little, the light on the grass, on the tops of the limes, and on the pond, grew dimmer, and the black shadows of the trees less distinct. As if to harmonize with the gloomy shadows that spread over the world outside, a light wind ran through the leaves and brought to the window the scent of dewy leaves, of moist earth, and of blooming lilacs.

"'But it is not true,' she consoled herself. 'There now, if the nightingale sings to-night, it will be a sign that what I'm thinking is all nonsense, and I need not despair,' thought she."

And the nightingale, your nightingale and mine, sings, and the country girl is reassured.

"She leant on both elbows. A sweet, languid feeling of sadness weighed on her heart, and tears of pure, broad love, thirsting to be satisfied—good, comforting tears—filled her eyes. She folded her arms on the window-sill and laid her head on them. Her favourite prayer rose to her mind, and so she fell asleep with her eyes still moist."

Not modern! No. Just life! Not a modern girl. Just the eternal girl set in that which persists. And this tale of the Two Hussars is full of that which persists.

May it last—with the rest of Tolstoy!

The Mongol

By Sheridan Lea

I

We are the pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow
Across that angry or that glimmering sea.

THE hot noonday sun was climbing rapidly to the zenith of the great bowl of the sky. The little stream, at that time of the year more than half-dried up, pursued its lazy, sluggish course through sandy banks to lose itself completely in the limitless sands of the Shamo desert. The desolate Asian waste that was euphemistically termed "scenery" broiled and glistened in the baking heat of a summer's day, stretching away to the four blue corners of heaven in which the mighty Gods of the Winds sit brooding, and from time to time blowing a little of their fiery spirit into the heart of that savage land. On the north shore of the "daria" stood a cluster of bell-shaped tents—"yurts," as they were called. A myriad of wagons, horses, yaks, sheep, men, women, and children, all inextricably mixed up, gave rise to an unceasing babel of shouts, cries, cracking of whips, neighing of horses, clanging of hammers on anvils, and all the thousand-and-one noises of a nomadic tribe at a halting-place.

At a distance of a few yards from the central and largest yurt—a wagon on which was placed a tent of perhaps some hundred yards' area—stood a tall, stately Mongol, with the peaked hat and flowing robes that his station imposed; a man whose face and hands bore the unmistakable imprint of the ruling caste; whose blue eyes, so rare in a Tartar, proclaimed him as one of the sons of the heaven-born conquerors.

Suddenly from the tent comes a small band of women, who, rushing to the chief, crowd round him and, forgetful for the moment of his exalted rank, drag and pull him into the yurt with little shrieks of delight. Time passes as, slowly, the tribe assembles in front of the Great

One's dwelling. A vast hum fills the air; it grows with expectancy, swells to a mighty drone, as of innumerable bees; and then, as the Khan emerges with a tiny white bundle in his arms, a roar goes up to the Celestial Abode that causes the river-birds to wheel round and round overhead, adding their flappings and squawkings to the general commotion. The Mongol holds his burden high in the air for the space of a minute; then he turns and re-enters the tent. A feast is proclaimed; the great kegs of Tartar wine are brought out; an orgy of bestiality sets in, and far into the night the shores of the daria are illuminated by the lights of the huge fires, around which the Mongols dance and reel until all are asleep from weariness and drink. Thus was Yulan, the son of the Khan, brought into the world to suffer and strive, live and die, as all men of all nations and of all time.

His early years were passed in the practice of those arts in which it was necessary to gain proficiency if a man were to be worthy of his place in his tribe. His days were spent in hunting and shooting, making himself more than proficient with the spear, the bow, and the sword; living, like the rest of his fellow-tribesmen, by his wits and his courage; snaring the wild beasts of the desert; enuring himself to the extremes of heat and the utmost rigours of cold, until his muscles and frame became as toughened leather, his will and determination as tempered Damascene steel. Ever to the fore of his youthful companions; ever the most daring, and yet the most prudent; of iron constitution and character, we find him at the age of fourteen more than well equipped for the adventure of manhood—and a natural leader of boys.

It was now that, in accordance with the custom of his people, he took a wife to his tent; a child—and yet, as is the way among primitive peoples, a woman—of some thirteen years; a dark-haired, olive maid, with eyes of unusual depth and brilliance, firm, red lips, and the flat nose that among the Mongols of Eastern Asia is accounted for great beauty; a woman, untried as yet by life, who was to be his inseparable companion and helpmate—as far as it was possible for any woman to be the helpmate of that man of iron—and whom Yulan, although he took other women to his couch as his lawful property, ever

regarded as something more than wife, more, perhaps, than himself—for such is love, that rarest treasure of the world. So life slipped by, and when eighteen summers had crept unnoticed into the tomes of history, he was the father of a considerable family, and already high in the councils of his people.

Then the Khan was gathered to his ancestors; and when the funeral rites were at last over, his son was formally and unanimously elected chief of the tribe by law-elect; while the old Khan, who had steered them safely through the years, was forgotten by all save the desert scavengers prowling round the great tumulus that stood as a lonely monument to a glory that was dust.

It was then that the seeds of a boundless ambition began to take root, quietly and unobtrusively, in his mind. As a boy, he had ever been the leader, gone where others had never gone, conceived what others had not—could not—conceive. His desires had ever gone ranging over the limits of the desert to that legendary world that tradition said was outside the furthermost confines of those wastelands that were, for him, both home and prison. As he advanced in years and wisdom, the knowledge came to him that the mere kingship of a small band of nomads, often hungry, often waterless, at the mercy of the elements and the prey of the great predatory hordes from the frozen north, was not for him. It seemed to this Yulan, of the blood of the ancient Khans, that the sluggish "content" in which his fathers had lived was for himself but a stepping-stone to greater things. A man, if indeed he were a man, could not be satisfied with his lot—that was a confession of weakness. There was only one thing in all the world worth having —Power! All the petty pilfering and quarrelling, the unending squabbles over women and drink, pastimes to be taken in moderation only, must be eradicated; for if a man were to succeed, he must put these toys behind him, must subjugate his body to his will, until he had seized for himself that glittering prize of Dominion. And so he set out on the first road to conquest, the training of his tools—a giant task, this work of imbuing them with his ideas, his strength, his spirit; the weeding out of the unfit and the weaklings (for he who would conquer must ever

trample down the weak lest by their very weakness they clog the wheels of the conqueror's chariot), leaving only the strong and the fearless for his purpose. To discipline them, to organize, to train and weld them together into one great ruthless machine, answering only to the inexorable will of the master-craftsman—an Augean labour indeed; yet in five short years it was accomplished. A natural leader of men—this Yulan the Khan!

Twenty-seven years had passed since his birth Twenty-seven hard, stern years of conscious and unconscious preparation were now, on this icy winter's morning—when the ice-flaked winds howled down from the north, and all the world was plunged in storm-wracked gloom—to bear fruit. They marched out of the frozen tundras to the conquest and sack of a world, these men of the unconquerable Khan.

II

Creak of wagons, tread of horses,
Yak-tailed banner ahead unfurled,
Mighty men of the Mongol forces
Out to conquer the easy world.

DRIVEN on by that devouring flame that burnt so fiercely within him, he led his little force across the frozen plains, through the ice-bound dunes of the desert (where the traveller hears the sound of ghostly voices, the ringing of bells; sees phantom armies marching once again through the wind-lashed wastelands that had claimed their bodies as their prey), over the foothills and up into the mountains, crossing the vast ravines and hewing paths through the snowdrifts that ever impeded their way; and on until they came to a blue lake girt round with mountains whose upper reaches tower in mighty snowfields to the sky, whose slopes run pine-clad to the shore. Titans of ice and rock thrown up when the earth was young, rear their great crags and walls up to the domed vault of heaven, standing out as a monument of strength and unconquerable spirit. There is a monastery upon the eastern bank, whose bells send out a deathless peal across that little "unplumbed, salt, estranging sea," in which the holy men offer up their ceaseless prayers to the gods that made them, and spend their days in

fasting and contemplation, turning their minds from the petty ambitions and thoughts of man. It was to this lake that Yulan (whose will admitted no barrier, no thought, even, of defeat) led his men, with their horses lean and starving, the depleted baggage train, and all that was left of the great herd of cattle with which they had started; and there, for a while, they halted in that strange half-world set between civilization and the lands of emptiness.

It was here that a wandering horde of Tibetans came over the southern hills to give them their first encounter. The sound of a horn, a moment of rush and confusion, a few sharp words of command, the twang of the curved bow, whirr of the arrow, rumble and thunder of hooves, a few moments of dust, yells and cries, and the wretched Tibetans had gone in a body to search for their ancestors among the shades. A small enough achievement in itself, but a tremendous uplift to the general morale.

To Yulan the Khan this was but the prelude to the second step in his dream of world-conquest. As he stood there upon the shores of that little land-locked sea—while all round silence whispered softly in her sleeping courts, and the mountains tossed their snow-crests up above the shroud of pearl-white mist that clung around their lower reaches, causing the pines to sparkle as innumerable fairy crystals, and giving to the whole the semblance of floating argosies, the dream-palace of some polar god—a shaft of light shone out from behind the frozen phalanxes of rock and ice upon the eastern shore, clothing for one endless moment that puny master of men in a sheen of gold, filling him with the glory of life, the deathless spirit that is of the Immortal Gods. If he, with a few half-starved and travel-worn horsemen, could thus easily account for a rabble twice the size of his own skirmishing troop, could he not, with his full complement of men and the vassals that he would inevitably gather on his way, subdue and bend to his indomitable will that world which his spies had told him was effete and crumbling with age and decay? Assuredly the training of a lifetime must bear brilliant fruit. All the sacrifices, all the hardships, he had made and suffered could not possibly be for nought. For HIM, with his brain, his unconquerable

determination, his ruthlessness, his ability to judge men and choose his tools with unerring discernment, and, above all, his utter incapacity to admit even the possibility of defeat, complete triumph was inevitable—as inevitable as the decrees of fate. HE would rule the world. HE would be the arbiter of nations. HIS hand should hold the power of life and death. HIS will should guide the destinies of empires. For his armies the sordid rewards that little men coveted; for himself the knowledge of achievement, the glory of creating, DOMINION! POWER! And now the glory of the sun has gone back behind the ice-gods. And why, he thinks, this wall of blackness, this bitter cold, this sudden darkness, this . . . ?

III

He will not see the roses,
Nor the sun rise again.

For many days and nights they tortured the wounded Tibetan who had flung the fatal knife, and then flung what was left of him to the beasts and the jinns: and Yulan the Khan, their beloved master—would-be conqueror of the world, actual conqueror of a few hungry bandits—they buried on the western bank of the blue lake with his wives, his horse, and his weapons. They raised a great mound over his body; and then sorrowfully they wended their way back to their old camp by the sand-choked stream; to return to their old slovenly habits, and to forget, as is the nature of men, their mighty leader.

But Yulan lies on the shore of the lake, cut off at the very outset of his career, unhonoured and unsung. Over the spray-tipped wavelets, ruffled by the wind that comes down from the eternal snowfields, wings the drone of the lamas in their monastery; while the bells take up their endless cry, their silver tongues ever echoing the "Om mane padme hum—Om mane padme hum—"; while the breeze soughs through the pine tops, sighing and sobbing, so softly, so softly, "May the Jewel of the Lotus live for ever—May the Jewel of the Lotus live for ever—live for ever—for ever—for ever——"

And Yulan sleeps.

As From an Inn

"Ex vita discedo, tanquam ex hospitio, non tanquam ex domo."
Cicero. *De Senectute.* 23.

By E. T. Burke

MANUFACTURERS of patent medicines buy themselves golden spurs and proudly ride into Debrett upon the profits derived from the purgation of their fellows. Anæmic youths with prominent Adam's apples working piston-wise above gaping collars, go with long hair uncovered and become members of strange health cults and weird rambling clubs. Grave-faced men—who must surely sometimes laugh beyond their cuff links—sit within their booths in Harley and neighbouring streets, solemnly soothsaying for a trinity of guineas. Panel practitioners toil in fuggy by-street dispensaries, their waiting-rooms heavy with the scent of Keating's and human unwashedness, and cannot snatch the time to blush for the things they must leave undone. Voronoff keeps a monkey-house on the Riviera where his charges suffer mutilation so that senile humanity may reach out towards its lost youth.

And why, think you, do all these earnest but misguided Merry Andrews take themselves so seriously? Why do some of us swallow their literal pills and literary potions? When you really get down to it, you will find that it is because we are afraid. The idea of death gives us a nasty sort of pain in the belly. We are very anxious to escape from a physiological fact or to forget it. We are a pack of yellow curs fleeing from our own tails. We avert our gaze from this thing called death. Few of us realize where this tail begins or how far it extends. We do not trouble to think how easy it is to dock ourselves of that appendage and appear more presentable and feel more comfortable.

The bodies of which we are so proud are in no essential respect different from those of a cat or a flea. The ordinary amorous tom-cat is a more normal liver and a more

natural dier than most of us. From the strictly bodily point of view—the only one he knows—he is a much more sensible and consistent organism than most of his human betters. The majority of our culturists and faddists belabour us incessantly with a cudgel; and not only are they grasping it by the wrong end, but they have got hold of quite the wrong stick. Indeed, they are beating us with it upon the wrong part of our anatomy. They are trying—and with an unfair measure of success—to turn us into physical, mental, and moral hypochondriacs. They persuade us to neglect the tail and concentrate upon the body, and that is the surest recipe for making the tail wag the dog. If we follow their advice and try to imagine we are Manx cats, our tails get mixed up with the machinery; and with a squeal of pain we realize that after all we are only very ordinary toms and tabbies.

The real function of the soothsayer is to smooth the way for us to death; to help us to die naturally; to enable us to walk comfortably and confidently along our appointed road, and not merely to strut up and down one piece of pavement watching the rest of the world go by. Our straighteners may have good intentions; but as paviors, their work shows neither competence nor artistry.

There is too much of the body—blood, bones, guts, nerves, and spittle. We are each much greater than that collection of offal. Although he dwells for a space amidst these, man is certainly not composed of such. He differs in a peculiar manner from all other living things.

There is probably no state of intoxication in which an elephant would be mistaken for a chinchilla rabbit; but in sober truth the apparent gulf between these animals has no actual reality. Essentially their bodies are the same, just as are those of an orang-utan and the Bishop of Birmingham. Something, however, exists in Dr. Barnes, Mussolini, Charles Chaplin, you, and me which is found in no other created thing but man.

Unconscious is a lump of stone. The horse pulling that brewer's dray is conscious; but its red-faced driver sits stolid in the full glory of self-consciousness. The greyhound pursuing the electric hare has intelligent experience of a certain kind; but it is quite unable to reflect upon that experience. It has no consciousness

of itself as a separate unit to whom that experience occurs. It does not reason; it but acts in a reflex manner to stimuli. It cannot ponder the why and wherefore.

The kind of consciousness which has its seat in man—the recognition of self—is that which determines personality. Upon it is raised the structure of sanity. When self-consciousness appeared in a certain animal long ages back, when Tennessee was a steaming, slimy swamp in whose ooze strange shapes wallowed and fought blindly for they knew not what, that animal became man. A thinking being arose—an intelligent thing which could reason and reflect; a divine instrument which could choose to lie and steal and murder and commit adultery, but which was also free to tell the truth, to be honest, to take no man's life or woman's honour.

Man has the faculty of considering himself as himself—as the same thinking individual—at different times and places. He can cognize and recognize his identity. He can orientate himself to the present and to different degrees of the past and the future. Awareness of self is the basis of moral responsibility. It is the nucleus of self-determination or reason-directed will. It is this thing which constitutes man. Not only does it confirm his substantive rank, but it confers upon him a brevet of higher degree.

The physical warp is interwoven with the woof of personality. The material parts of man are cunningly devised, but the sum of them is vastly inferior in many ways—for example, in strength and agility—to the body of a gorilla. No ape, however, nor any descendant of one, will ever be able to conduct an orchestra, write a play, paint a picture, compose either a prayer or a naughty story. It can never even commit a crime, for it has no conception of right or wrong, of good or evil. There are some apes every bit as good to look upon as some of us. There are some men who even resemble them very closely, and yet the lowest Australian bushman is incalculably higher than the late Consul. To compare an ape with or to a man is as ridiculous as to contrast the tune of an Italian sunset with the taste of the binomial theorem.

Human personality is still progressing, and no man dare set a limit to it. But the ape of today is no better

in intelligence than was his ancestor of a million years ago. The infant guzzling at the breast of the Australian bushfellow's mate may become a Member of Parliament, and his grandson may stand with the New Zealander upon one of the ruined arches of London Bridge. The future evolution of the human race must be almost entirely restricted to the intellectual or mental sphere. The physical monstrosity of a muscle-bound Sandow is as disgusting as the sight of a female ape dressed up in the bonnet and skirt of some old grannie.

It must be admitted, however, that the human body can be quite amusing as a hobby. There is obviously a fascination in growing whiskers upon it, painting its face, shaving its armpits, making it drunk, and teaching it to writhe to negroid noises. Nevertheless, it is quite the unimportant part of us. The acme of futility is reached when we pompously hang it by the neck till it is dead, simply because it has been compelled, very stupidly, to kill some other animated carcase. Under but slightly different conditions we give it a Victoria Cross or a D.S.O. for doing the same thing. Sometimes, it is true, the wrong bodies are hanged just as the wrong ones are decorated, but that only makes the whole thing more laughable.

The physical body is merely for a variable period the abode of Personality, Self, Intelligence, Soul, Spirit, Subconscious-self—call it what you will, for each of these terms indicates the same thing. The interpretation of the personality as being a product or function of the physical brain is one which the pure physiologist is very prone to adopt. In his laboratory he is too near the trees; and when he retires to his study, he but penetrates farther into the forest. To get himself out he dons a pair of seven-league boots called *ignoratio elenchi*. With them he leaps from the fact that mentality cannot in his experience be realized in the absence of brain to the conclusion that therefore it is but an exhibition of processes endogenous to that organ. That brain and mind are intimately correlated is true; but that correlation is complete is as unproved as that the latter is dependent upon the former.

A material body is necessary—perhaps it is but convenient—to bring the personality into relationship

with its environment, to develop it, and to enable it to make contact with its fellow personalities who are similarly housed. The surroundings unfold the intelligence; they act upon it through the various senses with which the body is equipped. This messuage clearly deserves some study, sane care, and reasonable protection. But it is as well to keep it free from gadget-peddling merchants with bees in their bonnets.

We sometimes use the expression: "From the cradle to the grave," and unless we are careful we are apt to assume that these two receptacles delimit the frontiers of human life and action. Probably even Macaulay's insufferable whelp knows that the life of the human body begins before birth; and most people appear to believe and hope that it does not end with the occurrence of bodily death. Belief and hope, however, do not carry us very far. They merely dump us down in the wilderness of uncertainty where even the manna of faith is but a mirage. Since man is both a physical and a psychical organism, not only are there physiological facts about him, but psychological ones as well. The one set is as valid as the other. Both are chiels that winna ding.

Apart from a few purely animal reflexes, the newborn child is inert—a block of marble newly hewn from the quarry. While not intelligent, it does most certainly possess an intelligence; but that can only exhibit itself after it has become attuned to its surroundings and been worked upon by them. The hammer and chisel must shape the statue, though the result but be a monstrosity like the "Rima" or the "Madonna and Child" vomited from Mr. Epstein's workshop.

Mental unfolding manifests itself through the brain and nervous system. The former—a mass of nerve cells—is the instrument of the intelligence. It is the servant but not the master of the mind. Among its fellow tissues it is, however, the Lord Paramount.

As the tone of a Stradivarius has more beauty than the scrannel screech of a German factory-made fiddle, so likewise does the more perfect physical brain the better express the intelligence of whatever quality. At times mentality of a low and even evil type is given forth through an organically sound brain. It is no uncommon

thing to find perfect mental expression filtering through a diseased physical organ. If the mind were but a product of the brain, then that organ would be the only one known to physiology in which function does not walk hand in hand with health. The best of Schubert's work was written when the processes of degeneration were eating into his cerebral tissues.

The physical state of the brain is no more a criterion as to the quality of the intelligence than is the publisher's wrapper an indication of a book's literary value. When Anatole France died, his brain was removed and examined by two celebrated anatomists. The result of the three years' investigation may be summed up in the statement that the brain of the great Frenchman weighed only 1,017 grammes—343 grammes less than that of the average man in the street. While Anatole France, with a brain 25 per cent. below mediocrity, was writing "Penguin Island," many of his contemporaries with greater cerebral development were scavenging or shouting the odds on racecourses. It would seem clear from this alone that there is no relationship between brain mass and mental ability. We all know these sagacious-looking impostors, a nod from whose massive heads should surely shake the spheres. They decorate boards, commissions, and advisory committees; and we shall continue to suffer from their fatuity so long as there exists the fetish that wisdom varies directly with size of head. It is impossible for any man to be as wise—or as stupid—as some men look.

"A healthy body is the guest-chamber of the soul; a sick, its prison," wrote Bacon; but there is often found a healthy and brilliant mind occupying a thoroughly morbid body. Indeed, morbidity may actually serve as a stimulus to mental activity. A pathological mentality often functions through a physically perfect brain.

Education consists in bringing the brain into contact with the surroundings in such a manner that there are opened up wide and direct paths of communication between the personality and the external world, so that impressions may flow in easily, and expressions emerge unhindered. The education of the child begins with the birth of his parents.

Although the child cannot himself choose—as he has the undoubted right to do—his own ancestors, yet his parents between them can do so for him. The potential father can select half the ancestral character of his child, and so can the future mother. By their choice of each other, the man and the woman cast the horoscope of their progeny. If the foundations of the personality be faulty, so will the edifice of manhood be unstable. If the child be reared amid ugliness and evil, its character can hardly be otherwise. A saint may rise from the bed of sinners—but it will be in spite of them.

A child born with a grossly diseased or defective brain is an imbecile; nevertheless, behind the barrier may slumber a high degree of intelligence which, on account of the choked communication channels, is quite unable to express itself and force its way outwards to objective reality. Education is unable to cut its way inwards through the jungle.

The child must serve an apprenticeship, physical and mental, before he can fare forth at puberty as a journeyman. During the period of physical growth and mental awakening, humble pioneers—the timid Miss Muffet, Christopher Robin, and, maybe, the tragic troupe of Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann—blaze trails through the cerebral forest. Memory is formed, and with that the psychical life is well under way. Intercommunication takes place along the broad high road of articulate speech.

To the young Cortez standing silent upon the peak of adolescence, there unrolls a wondrous panorama of beauty. Love, duty, courage, responsibility, religious emotion, art—all these now quicken into pulsating life. From then until maturity, the mental faculties take a powerful upward surge. It is the age of Paolo and Francesca, of the poetic Chatterton, of the twenty-four *études* of Chopin.

At maturity, with physical equilibrium comes intellectual ripening. It is the time to lay down a cellar of sound wine to be sipped quietly in old age—a mellow wine that warms the heart and fortifies the mind against the physical degeneration which inevitably terminates in bodily death.

This death is a slow process and not a suddenly completed phenomenon. It begins about our fiftieth birthday;

and provided no accident occurs, it should require another half-century to finish the business. Although from the age of fifty the body is on the downgrade, a biographical survey will show that the greatest mental vigour is exhibited between the fourth and seventh decades of life. Darwin, Lodge, Newton, Kant, Michelangelo, Kelvin—all reached their highest efficiency within this era.

Death is life's most interesting incident. It is almost of sufficient importance to the performer to be regarded as an event. It is the one certain thing; and we make tremendous efforts to defer its happening. We are compassed about with rules and regulations, fads and fetishes, fanatics and frauds, all ostensibly seeking to shield us from death. The trouble is that most of them make us live artificially and develop an unwholesome fear of decease.

The fear of death has attached to life a fictitious value. To the person who is writhing in the agony of inoperable cancer, life is a curse. To labour to keep alive such a one is not merely cruel, but stupid. There are times when the overloaded morphine syringe is a heaven-sent substitute for the painless passing of old age. Dread of death forces many a coward to suicide.

Natural death is rare among us. To die from pneumonia at eighty is just as much an accident as to succumb to measles at three, or to be run down by a Ford delivery-van at twenty-five.

Old age means that death has begun; and at about sixty the first unmistakable signs appear. Death is essentially an atrophy; everything physical deteriorates. The weight falls, the blood becomes impoverished, every organ and tissue gradually waste. The sum of these changes gives rise to the characteristic appearance of senility. The brain-tissue suffers change as do the others; and this causes an alteration, not of the personality, but of its expression. With age there occurs a closing up of the communication paths, afferent and efferent. Debility overwhelms the expression of will and imagination. Things are mislaid upon the shelves of memory. The gaffer in the chimney-corner becomes selfish and garrulous. His habits deteriorate; his general behaviour grows

infantile. When the stage is reached where the vitality is no longer able to carry on the functions of the body, we say that death has taken place. We really mean that death is completed or that life is ended. The Roman rightly said: "He has lived."

There is no sharp boundary line between life and death. Although we know that Samuel Snoopdish will never again be able to manifest through that particular body, yet the tissues of it are still alive. His hair and his nails will continue to grow until his corpse disappears into the cleansing flame of the cremation furnace. Snoopdish has, like a very sensible rat, left a foundering ship. The important fact to grasp is that the debarkation of the personality antedates somatic death. There has never been produced the slightest reason for supposing that physical death entails the annihilation of the personality. That is conceived in childhood, develops in youth, strengthens in maturity, and in old age recedes behind the curtain of physical degeneration—going, as it were, into retreat in preparation for its birth. That the personality does not suffer death is as capable of as rigid proof as the proposition that since the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, if the equal sides be produced, the angles at the other side of the base will also be equal. Although there are asses who lack the intelligence and the courage to cross this bridge, nevertheless, the span between the two realities is the most substantial of structures.

The intellect of the dotard may, upon the approach of death, suddenly become rejuvenated; the lunatic has remissions when he is perfectly rational; but no physical thing can, after undergoing atrophy, suddenly return to full vigour. The personality is distinct from the body, superior, immortal. Final proof would be the expression of that personality after death. Some consider that such proof is available, and—God knows—in all else these are neither fools nor liars.

Death is a physiological process; it is as common as birth and more vulgar than marriage. The error is to regard it as pathological, and to think of it with hate and loathing. This dread has a profound influence upon our lives and upon the final act of dying when our turn comes

to play that rôle. The fear—or even the repression of that fear—actually encourages death, clouding over the happiness of living and making the end of life both difficult and distressing. It is all so unnecessary, abnormal, and morbid.

Ridiculous associations have been so grouped round the business of dying that we have lost the spiritual substance for a material shadow. Ceasing to seek knowledge, we have tremblingly cowered behind the frail ramparts of belief. We have feared the unknown, rashly assuming it to be unknowable.

The true perspective can only be gained by climbing to the firm and unassailable platform of scientific fact. Then, when we have recovered our breath, it will be seen that death is but an incident in an existence which began before birth and which—without daring to go beyond elementary facts—continues after the completion of physical life. To know how to end our lives is just as important as how to live them. Indeed, the former implies the latter. It is expedient from a scientific point of view—which is, of course, identical with the religious one—that we should be capable of dying happily and painlessly and without making ourselves an undue nuisance to other people.

To achieve such a natural death requires both material and spiritual training. Failure to realize this makes food faddists, soothsayers, and quacks so fatuous. No amount of vitamin devouring, nut and brown-bread guzzling, inoculation, and gland grafting is of any real health value so long as there lies below the threshold of consciousness any dread of bodily decease. Neither physical perfection nor spiritual salvation is to be found in such foolishness.

A review of human thought and achievement indicates that man is gradually progressing along the experimental path towards full and certain knowledge of what he is, whither he is bound, and how best he can make the journey. That, indeed, is the final goal of all study. Until this fact be grasped, until it be acted upon, until we react involuntarily to it, all man-laid plans and plots and schemes and prayers will continue to keep him floundering in the morass of futility.

A Matter of Language

By Esther Hyman

THE little street stretched uphill in so sharp a slope that its meeting with the horizon seemed to take it to the edge of heaven itself—a heaven that shone with a blue of almost unbearable intensity in the haze of the midday's tropical heat. About this little unknown town of an unknown island was an air of ancient civilization, of intimacy, that we had hardly expected. At its centre were pleasure-gardens trimly planned, sparkling decorously with brilliant flowers, and with benches dotted regularly along the neat paths. There, we supposed, the pretty girls we had sighted upon upper balconies of green-painted wooden houses sat in dalliance with their lovers of an evening. We could imagine the early nightfall, rapidly falling dusk deepened by the palm trees' crown of darkness, velvety soft atmosphere lingering when more transient human caresses had passed, the perfumed, glamorous air wafting unbearable sweetness from land and sea. Our thoughts, even then, in the hard, harsh blaze of noon—rattling as we were in our jolting "carriage" drawn by diminutive ponies over appalling streets that jerked the spine and sent pain throbbing to the temples—even then our thoughts speeded to evening and the romance of so fair a land.

It was unexpected, this glimpse of old Spain in West Indian waters. Two days ago we had left Port au Prince, in Haiti, with its palaces and politics, its shingled women and its air of Parisian sophistication, its oddities and its civilized comforts. We had heard French or "Creole" gabbled by negroes, had seen scores of American uniforms in this Negro republic, had reacted as travellers do to the strange and the exotic; being English, had even suggested and criticized. But here, having crossed a border-line from republic to republic, we unexpectedly found ourselves actually in the little town of Puerto Plata in the Republic of San Domingo, but to all intents and purposes in Spain.

We had carried letters of introduction to Pemberton, one of the few Englishmen in the little town of Spaniards and Spanish negroes, and of all the shades of colour and mixture of races between. Never mind his occupation; his story was only hinted to us, carried upon those little currents of suggestion and half-suggestion in which nearly all the true stories are told. He visits Porto Rica occasionally, and there hears his mother tongue; more rarely he comes to Europe, but not once in the eighteen years of his marriage has he returned to England, for his wife, being Spanish, prefers Spain—naturally. And they barely allow time for a day or two even in Paris when, once every three or four years, he accompanies her. She goes every year to the home she loves and to the old people she still adores; as for him, his correspondence with his home in Kent gradually slackened, until the death of his father, and later of his mother, hardly jerked at threads already grown so loose.

But as we bumped and jolted over the cobbled roads of Puerto Plata, up hill and down hill, behind our tiny ponies and the soft-hatted driver between whom and ourselves there was no language in common save such talk as can be made by the sound of jingling pockets, we had not yet heard the little of Pemberton's story that we subsequently gathered during the hours of the long, hot day we spent in his company. I do not suppose we shall ever see him again; he was a good fellow, and showed us hospitality, and we shared with him that solitary day—while our ship loaded cotton laboriously from lighters—much good food and conversation. But we were filling in an hour now to give him the opportunity to finish up the more essential part of his work that he might be free to devote his day to us. And as we saw lovely girls with glowing eyes and uncut wealth of hair peering shyly at us from high balconies, it was around the romance of their race and its banishment in this beautiful town that our thoughts hovered.

We rejoined Pemberton warmed with the thought of it. He apologized that he could not ask us to his house. His wife had only the day before returned from her annual trip to Spain, and we, of course, were unexpected visitors. Besides, he added, she spoke only Spanish, so that in any case we might have found it awkward.

He gave us cocktails, there in his office, and then took us to the hotel for luncheon.

"They speak English—or at least one waiter does," he told us, with the smile that had attracted us from the outset. We saw the reason for the smile when the waiter proudly tried his English upon us—a poor quality and inadequate, garnered, it appeared, during three months' sojourn at Porto Rica.

"It's as well you speak Spanish," my wife remarked, when Pemberton had translated the menu for us, and ordered an appetizing meal.

"Yes," he said. "But I ought to, after eighteen years of it."

He seemed a young man to have spent eighteen years in a foreign country; thirty-eight or nine at the most, I judged. My wife must have thought the same, for she ventured:

"Almost a lifetime, isn't it?"

He ignored the opening, and pursued the subject of the language.

"I am a little proud of my Spanish," he told us, with his attractive smile. "It's my wife's native tongue, but in a literary sense I can knock spots off her." The colloquialism hardly seemed natural to him; indeed, he spoke it with a slightly deprecating air. He must have been conscious of this, for he essayed a half apology. "I almost think in Spanish now," he said. "If it weren't that there are two or three other Englishmen here, I should hardly speak English at all."

My wife could not restrain her curiosity.

"But don't you ever speak it at home?" she asked.

"No," he said. "My wife doesn't speak a word."

I had thought his tone a little discouraging, but Cynthia always knows how far she can go; and, besides, Pemberton obviously liked her. So she ventured a little further, with the obvious question:

"Then you haven't any children?"

"Yes. I have four. My eldest girl is seventeen."

"We all speak Spanish at home," Pemberton added, after a pause that protracted itself a little. "The children don't know any English either."

Cynthia, to my surprise, turned the conversation at that, but after a while it came wandering back again.

But it was not until the "English" waiter had served some excellent chicken that she said, as an addendum to a little travel talk:

"When were you home last, Mr. Pemberton?"

"Home?" he said, startled. "You mean England?"

"Of course."

"Oh! Twenty years ago."

It was my turn to echo.

"Twenty years ago! You couldn't have been more than eighteen."

"Yes," he said. "Eighteen. That's what I was."

From his tone, I judged that he preferred to leave it there, but Cynthia was at it again.

"What happened?" she said, gently.

He looked at her directly, and the look, between two people hardly likely to meet again, surprised me by its quality of straight, frank friendship.

"I was sent out to Porto Rica to a job when I was eighteen," he said. "A year or two afterwards, I fell in love with my wife. She was visiting friends there. Within six weeks we were married. Within another six I had left Porto Rica for Santo Domingo—and I've been in the republic ever since." He spoke pleasantly and conversationally, but my thoughts were racing.

"Did you speak Spanish then?" my wife asked.

"Not a word," he said, with a hint of dryness in his voice.

"My wife's a very pretty woman," he added, with apparent irrelevance.

I did not doubt it. What other attraction could there have been between two people for whom the barriers of language were up? Pemberton himself was a fine-looking man, in his English way; his fair skin was tanned to a warmth different from the bronze of the faces about us in the little restaurant. And his wife—I recalled the dark beauty of the Spanish girls we had seen on those upper balconies: glowing skins, soft, eloquent eyes, masses of hair wound about little, well-shaped heads. There was allure there, undoubtedly, and this strange marriage held its romance. Yet—for nearly twenty years a stranger to his own language, his four children speaking no tongue save their mother's. Alien . . . well, it was his affair . . . if it suited him.

The talk over the coffee was desultory, and we drove for many miles about the countryside in his car without the subject being broached again. He talked eloquently and well on all kinds of subjects and as though the untrammelled use of his own tongue were a luxury—perhaps a holiday. In particular he gave us many interesting details about the little republic, on its half of the island of Hispaniola, and the numerous respects in which it differed from the sister republic of Haiti across the border. Among a good deal of odd information stored in our brains, we found that we were both empty of knowledge of this historic and oddly-governed island, except for such vague recollections of revolutions and rebellions as filter through to the majority of people from the casual sources of newspaper reading.

We went for tea to a café in the main street, and he left us for a while to give orders to the proprietor.

"What do you make of it?" I asked my wife, cautiously.

"H'm!"

I gathered that she had reached more or less definite conclusions, but for once I lagged behind her.

"Do you think he is happy in his marriage?"

She did not reply, so I added:

"I'd have liked to see his wife."

"I wouldn't!" she said, with a definiteness that proclaimed antagonism.

So Cynthia had her doubts as to the success of the ménage; and Pemberton, returning, confirmed them. Of his own free will, he said abruptly:

"You know, when we married, my wife's father urged me to give up my job, and come to a position he'd find for me here. Her parents were living here then. That's how I happen to be here."

"Didn't your wife like Porto Rica?" asked Cynthia.

"No. You see, she couldn't speak English, and all my friends were English, of course. And she wanted to be among her own people. That was natural, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so," Cynthia said, slowly. But she underlined the words with a faint quality of doubt. He waited expectantly, as if anxious for her judgment, and she continued gently:

"But the children. Wasn't there room for compromise there?"

"Oh, well! We had—formed the habit. Spanish is second nature to me."

This time behind the slight pride in the boast I detected a flicker of something else. I wondered how hard the wings had fluttered against the bars before the fluttering had ceased. I saw suddenly a long, an age-long battle of wills, of softness against hardness, of warmth against coldness, of a soft, implacable southern will eating into the kindness and deference and eager affection of a heart reputed racially to be cold. I glanced at Cynthia, but her eyes were veiled.

There was no need for another word. But, pathetically enough, Pemberton, happy at speaking his own language to strangers, had forgotten that between understanding minds only the fewest words are necessary.

"I want you to understand," he said, carefully, "that she—Francesca—is an excellent wife. An excellent wife and mother. As marriages go, I suppose we have been happy. But I don't know . . ." the slow tones lengthened . . . "I don't know that I'd advise a mixed marriage to anyone else."

He was looking down at his tea-cup, but Cynthia's waiting eyes drew his gaze upward. I knew the look that passed between them—a look of sympathy from Cynthia for all he had left unsaid; and of gratitude from him for all she had let him tell her.

And I . . . I gathered from that expressive silence, while the air between them vibrated with the echoes of that gift of understanding asked and received—perhaps the first in that lifetime of sacrifice to a woman's unceasing selfish demand—I gathered some idea of all he had lost and of how little he had gained from his romantic, boyish adventure of eighteen years ago.

He stayed with us to the end. He came finally to the ship to see us off, and his hand-grip when we said good-bye was very friendly. But it was Cynthia who had all the warmth of his farewell clasp.

"Good-bye," she said, in her gentlest tones.

But his mood had hardened to irony.

"Bien viaje," he said.

Birds of the South

By H. J. Massingham

THERE is a shy, quaint pleasure in feeling oneself a foreigner especially if unaccustomed to other lands than one's own. Englishmen lose the essence of the travelling spirit when they think of themselves, as they almost invariably do, as us English among foreigners, when in concrete fact they are foreigners among natives. But when one's own land is more than a place of cities inhabited by human swarms all speaking the same familiar tongue, when its natives include those with paws and feathers, to spy out those of a foreign land becomes one of the more certain sources of human joy.

The eagerness of this uprooted naturalist will seek its main gratification in peopling his memory with new species. But on the Riviera at any rate his first impression will be of home species, only so different in their habitat and actually in their manners and customs that the sensation of a new world of birds is constantly titillated. Even the hurrying, unsooted sparrow lacks his old familiar face. The distribution of our companionate birds is also shifted to such an extent that one's Newfoundland is ever present. I once saw the jackdaw circling above the blunt Italianate walls of an old castle warded by cypresses, and realized with a queer thrill that I was looking upon one of the rarest birds of the Riviera. The only birds whose omnipresence shows no change are chaffinches, greenfinches, and great tits, who love the gnarled olive groves on the slopes of the foothills between mountain and sea. But it is surprising how very rarely one sees a single one of them. Their notes sail and mingle down the wind but the gleam of a wing is all that feeds the eye.

The shyness and wildness of our semi-tame species in the south are indeed so marked that their psychology has been radically altered. In April, most of our migrant species from Africa have congregated upon what is still unbedizened of the Provençal coast, and their numbers

are at least as abundant as they will be in England a fortnight later. Yet how disappointing is their morning chorus, how fugitive the sight of them ! This is, of course, the result of persecution. Birds do not live their natural lives in the South of France. They are in fact suppressed, just as human beings are, by fear, convention, authority, pressure of circumstance and what not. Their attention is taken up with concealing themselves, in keeping a sharp look out, in darting rapidly from place to place, and this is so much wastage in the art of living. A secondary set of faculties is sharpened at the expense of a primary one, and the impingement of the external world in the fear of the chasseur makes a constant clash between the play of conflicting sensory reactions, a conflict which I often saw in action. Love-making, nest-building, meal-times, adventures through the shades and enjoyments in the sun, these become entangled in and broken by fears.

Hear the blackbird fluting, not in some dappled copse or tended garden plot but far away from the depths of the dark green maquis wilderness. It is not distance which makes you listen in vain for the confused chucklings which invariably accompany his English wood notes. It is because he dare not sing himself out ; his restless vigilance snips off his music before it is well begun. Who could conceive that this whirl of wings and dive of furtive shape through the angled branches of the cork trees is our own brazen English thrush inviting a whole declining sun to himself from the topmost tip of the tallest tree ? Strange, too, it is to catch the spring tinkle of the blue tit and the yaffle's wake of laughter among the sombre forests of the cistus, and know that these sounds are far rarer than the gleeful, pert warble of the grey-black furze wren, a bird that the English naturalist goes out for to see at the price of much weary tramping, patience and bitter disappointments. In the wilder parts of Southern Provence, this ruby-eyed mite in a red waistcoat is as common as our robin, and his ferocious scold sounds darkling out of the maquis thickets almost every hundred yards or so. I remembered W. H. Hudson's vain search for a bird he perhaps loved best in our more tolerant kingdom of them when I saw this gallant little warbler in many a chance setting dear for retrospection, perched

on a twig suspended over a steep valley with ridge after ridge of stark mountain for background, or moustached with minute flies for his young, or leaping from bush to bush in engaging parabolas of flight, or, as I once saw him, his dark form peering out of a small broom, a fortune of festival gold from the root upward. One bright day the nightingales arrived over the Madonna-blue sea, and every grove, every shadowed slope, every valleyed stream was alive with them. Yet though they sang nearly all day long, except for that startling hush of noon which gives the naturalist a wondering sense of being in some far tropic land, I never once heard a southern nightingale who gave of his English best. The swifts were arriving well before the middle of April, and as they would not appear in England until about a fortnight later, they must travel the length of their journey from Africa many scores of times over before their wild, unearthly screaming startles our year into May.

But the foreigners, the birds we never or very rarely see in England, to discover them is a more thrilling sport than all Switzerland can furnish, and one passes the old Latin tag—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—across one's lips with a distinct softening towards the old mis-spent days of learning Latin. One day, as I was wandering in a pine grove mingled with those imposing pyramidal trees with leaves of dusted bloom, which I learned later to be eucalyptus, I saw a tree-creeper. Now our own tree-creeper is so full of insular prejudice that he never leaves our shores. So this must have been the southern short-clawed tree-creeper, and though I could detect absolutely no difference in plumage, action or appearance between him and his English relative, oh, to quote the bard, the difference to me! On my very first day in the south, I discovered a new bird frequenting the olive and cork trees in, as it seemed to me, multitudes. But that was because they were all crazy in voice, in gesture and in self-advertisement. This was the serin, a small greenish-yellow striped finch whom I came upon in the midst of his ardours of courtship. The word "antics" has always struck me as a trifle vulgar when used of the loves of birds, but its aptness for the serin's clownish wooings could not be gainsaid. He takes his perch upon an olive

bough and tumbles his body on outstretched wings from side to side in a swaying motion of such absorbed ecstasy that it seems only the power of love can keep him from toppling backwards to the ground.

But this is not enough; the cascade of passion coursing through his nerves hurls him into the air whereon he drifts to and fro like an intoxicated leaf in a battle of the breezes, waving his wings up and down the while as though exhibited in a slow motion film. These oddling birds do indeed lose themselves as the lapwing loses himself when he plunges headlong from his pinnacle of air to within a foot of dashing himself to pieces on the earth. In the southern April the serin does for a time go mad with glee, love and pugnacity, and in his astonishing inconsequences becomes wholly oblivious to the facts of the external world. I make an incautious movement and suddenly he remembers; a draught of polar recognition of those facts whips away his tipsy blisses and in a moment he has become a furtive, vigilant fugitive. All the time while he is in his trance his song pours out of his quivering throat in a barely inflected interminable rush of shrilling, buzzing, cicada-like music, nearest to the call notes of our tits, but louder, more vivacious, less pleasing to the ear. But who would wish the serin to charm the listener with more harmonious numbers? His volleyings are perfectly in keeping with his peculiar love-making, which, for all its eccentricity, has that touch of endearing magic in it which rapture always and alone can give.

One of the excitements of this Newfoundland in sight of the sea that washes Africa and during the full tide of migration was that I never knew what I was going to see or hear next. One day I walked through the olive grove, in which by this time I believed I knew every resident, and heard a new voice which fell upon me in no secret, elusive fashion but smote upon my ears. It was a resonant, powerful, vehement song with a great variety of notes in it, one or two of them quite parrot-like and very different from any song I had ever heard before. The music had no softness in it; it issued from the olive trees in plangent waves of sound, as though the singer had been discontented with all the tender melodies of familiar bird song and had burst a musical revolution

upon this southern land. Yet, try as I would, and though the grove at this place was fairly open and without thick undergrowth, I never caught even a momentary glimpse of the bird as it slipped from one tree to another without once exposing itself to my craning and peering. Art thou bird or but a wandering voice? more fitting, indeed, for the Orphean Warbler than the blundering cuckoo, since such a voice might well restore ghosts to the day.

A bird of the high, lonely places who led a scolding and skulking existence creeping about in the undergrowth of the uniform dark maquis was the Mediterranean Warbler, and much exasperation did I spend before identifying him with his bullfinchy shape, rich glossy black head, olive-brown back and a conspicuous white throat very similar to that of our own bird so named. But at times he got tired of throaty expostulation, swung up into the sun upon a prominent twig and emitted a sweet, hurried, abrupt, wild warble in the gesticulatory manner and with something of the staccato effect of the whitethroat, who is possibly a distant cousin of his. Then, propelled by his own emotional reactions, he flew up a little nearer to the sun and delivered his stave (zig-zagging like free verse) on vibrating wings that slowly descended back to his perch. So many of these southern birds were in the habit of this air-singing that one became inclined to the theory that the power and brilliance of the sunlight exercises a levitational effect upon birds forced by persecution to live so much in concealment.

But the bird that caught into his own splendid person all the imagined wizardry of the south was the hoopoe. His very name is like a charm. This fabled bird who once screened the sun from the head of Mohammed is about the size of a blackbird, and of a wonderful cinnamon colour with wings and lower back barred in broad bands of black and white. The long bill is curved and the erectile crest tipped with black. When I first saw the hoopoe resting like a carved figure on the naked bough of a fig tree, it was a perfectly obvious thought that here was the tutelary spirit of that Spenserian olive grove which he frequented. One would have to be a collector for

whom life is spelt in terms of death to call to mind his species, his genus, his metatarsal measurements. It is an Arabian Nights' bird, and, being painted on Cretan and Egyptian monuments, possesses a pedigree of symbolic veneration that makes it of a supernatural company far older than the Olympians. I could hardly believe my eyes when I once saw the mystic hoopoe plodding about on the grass swallowing woodlice and centipedes like a farmyard fowl, and I waited in the full hope that he would, according to his wont, presently toss the wrigglers up in the air and catch them in his curving bill. The flight is at once jay- and yaffle-like: leisurely like the jay when he crosses an open space on wings as rounded but without their beautiful rayed design and with them often furled on a downward undulation after the manner of the yaffle. Sometimes he forgets that he is not living an immortal being in the pages of the "Faerie Queene," for the passion to display his singular beauty seizes upon him, and he will select a clear space, high road or vineyard patch, to cross in irregular angles and with all his brilliance on show.

Not less enchanting are the notes for which he is named. On a day expanded like a butterfly's wings to the sun's meridian, when the earth breathed a subtle languorous odour, the sulphur butterflies coquetted in mutual love-flights, the drone of bees mingled with little noiseless noises among the pines, the air was tranced in heat, and sea and sky were confounded in a vaporous mid-world, I lay on a sun-baked rock and heard the hoopoe chanting his native love-notes all day long. It is an owl-like *hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo*, invariably in my experience repeated four times, and punctuated now and then by a heron-like squawk. After I had passed some hours in my painted rock-room of juniper, cistus, lavender and broom, it at last struck upon my bemused senses that the hoopoe was the cuckoo of the south. The four notes, unlike the cuckoo's two, are repeated in the same deep fluting key, but the intervals are the same and the melodious call continues as tirelessly, so that it becomes one with the very rhythm of creation. It is this tirelessness in the cuckoo's song which made Wordsworth feel it as the disembodied voice of the spirit of Nature

itself. But the hoopoe's note is more calming, mellower in tone and touched with melancholy. This is indeed how I think of these Oriental birds, lost from an older, brighter world, flying between legend and reality and vested in a splendour all forlorn. In the South of France all birds have a poor time of it at the hand of man; but I do not know that we have much to boast of when every attempt of this magnifico to colonize our land is met with a charge of shot.

The olive grove was tenanted before I left with three pairs who spent most of their days in ceremonial and stately love-making. For that their swooping wave-like flight was nobly adapted. One afternoon, deep in the burning core of summer, the hen-bird was perched on the bough of a stark pine high up on the slope of a hill. Down in the valley overflowing with the nightingale's throbs of sound, her mate began intoning his recitative, evoking wide visions of remote lands, of the buried past, of a radiant future when other lovers would meet. But her thoughts were for the present only. She cocked her head to one side, showing bill and crest in a continuous line, and then, in a resplendent rushing dive, as though she flew indeed upon the wings of love, plunged down to him. This was a southern memory to cherish in the northern years to come.

Bellerophon

By C. B. Armstrong

THE conventional epic adjective has its advantages; for people are less troublesome and more tractable when one can label them by some dominant characteristic, making some basic assumption about their nature which will be right nine times out of ten. But it is not always a good thing; it is, perhaps, monotonous (though if the alternative be one of those highly complex and deeply analysed modern heroines, give me "grey-eyed Athena" or "circumspect Penelope" every time!), and it tends to create a bias in the mind of the reader, a perverse desire to find inconsistencies, moral or merely humorous, in the labelled one. So "pious Æneas" antagonizes the schoolboy. I remember, after the famous cave episode with Dido in the Fourth Book of the Æneid, when his name occurs unadjectived, a master remarking caustically, "You will observe, gentlemen, that here Æneas is called neither '.pius' nor 'pater.' The former would have been inappropriate and the latter premature."

"Pious Æneas" is bad; and I must confess to a similar antipathy in the case of "blameless Bellerophon." It is too much for any man, as the American said when he contemplated the temporal blessings and eternal prospects of the occupant of a famous deanery. Sthenobœa was certainly no better than she should be; yet a virtue so complete as Bellerophon's must have been provoking, particularly in one who was reputed to have had to leave Corinth for his own good after what was at least manslaughter and may have been worse. But there we are in the middle of the story before it has properly begun!

Bellerophon was called originally Hipponous, which, considering his close association with Pegasus, the only winged horse, was appropriate enough. He came of a very distinguished family of Corinth. His great-grand-

father, Æolus (not the windbag man), was ancestor of an important section of the Greek race: his grandfather, Sisyphus, founded and ruled Corinth, and was noted for his cunning. His punishment, rolling a great stone up a hill with an impossible gradient, was one of the sights of the underworld. His father, Glaucus, was well known as an owner of racehorses, by which he came to an unhappy end. His name, "sea-green," suggests to our minds the "Incorruptible," his son.

The affair which darkened the early career of this promising young prince is shrouded in mystery. He killed somebody; whether it was his brother Deliades, as Apollodorus says, or a prince named Bellerus, is uncertain. At any rate, being (according to Greek notions) discredited by the deed, he was banished, and came to Argos to King Prœtus to seek purification. The Homeric poems do not appear to be familiar with the idea of purification as necessary after blood-shedding: it seems to have grown up with the later Apolline religion of Greece. It does not seem to have mattered particularly, in mythical days at least, whether the homicide was intentional or accidental. The thing was to get out of the district where one had committed the crime as soon as possible (a very healthy precaution), stay away a year at least, preferably under the protection of a king strong enough to resist any incursions of the next-of-kin, and persuade him to perform certain rites, including a sacrifice and sprinkling with holy water. It was not, apparently, good form for the king to inquire of his uninvited guest any particulars of the deed until after he had purified him. At any rate, this was the tactful procedure of King Crœsus when Adrastus fled to his Court, and of Circe when she purified Jason and Medea, who had rather callously killed her young brother and thrown his body into the sea in order that her pursuers might waste time in recovering it. In the underworld, one of the judges, Rhadamanthus, adopted the same procedure in a less merciful form, if Virgil is to be believed, punishing first and inquiring the crime afterwards—"Castigatque auditque dolos subigitque fateri."

Prœtus was undoubtedly taken with Bellerophon, as well he might be, for "the gods had given him beauty,

and lovely manliness"—performed the purifications without delay, and entertained him at his Court.

Prœtus had a beautiful wife, Anteia or Sthenobœa, daughter of Iobates, King of Lycia across the sea. The marriage was not a happy one. Sthenobœa was of a wayward fancy, and Prœtus—*pace* William Morris, who idealizes or rather Victorianizes him in his "Bellerophon at Argos"—was not lovable. He had behaved badly about his twin brother Acrisius, for which Perseus subsequently turned him into stone by showing him the head of Medusa. His treatment of Bellerophon was somewhat treacherous. And the daughters of the marriage, children at that time, subsequently went mad, and imagined that they were cows.

Details of Bellerophon's visit are unhappily meagre; but the principal fact remains. Sthenobœa fell in love with Bellerophon: was "mad about him," as Homer says. "But him, the prudent Bellerophon, she did not persuade, for his thoughts were good." Alas for virtue, and the "mens conscia recti"! "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." And Sthenobœa, repulsed, went straight to her husband. "Mayst thou die thyself, Prœtus," she said, "if thou kill not Bellerophon who wished to join with me in secret love against my will." So she spake; "and anger seized the king at hearing such a thing." Thus Homer. A thousand years afterwards, in a pretty ode to Asterie, Horace recalled the tale. Her lover Gyges, blameless as Bellerophon himself, is storm-bound across the Adriatic, resisting the wiles of his hostess Chloe for Asterie's sake. And Chloe has hinted to Gyges that resistance is not always safe:

> She warns him how of old a faithless wife
> Beguiled her husband Prœtus, "Oh, make haste
> To slay Bellerophon!" She sought his life
> Because he was too chaste!

Gyges, happily, is deaf to her arguments, and Horace warns Asterie herself to have a care.

Euripides wrote a tragedy, "Sthenobœa," but alas it has shared the fate of four-fifths of his work. What a play it must have been! With his uncanny knowledge of women and his intense dramatic power, the situation, unique in mythology, must have received treatment

such as he alone could give. And to think that, for want of such a play, we must read the story (if we have the patience) in the milk-and-water wordiness of Morris's "Earthly Paradise"! In Homer's brief stanzas there is an eternal freshness and vivid humanity; in Morris—but who, in these days, has read "Bellerophon in Argos" and who has lost by the omission? There is much irrelevant description and many verbose speeches, from which, if one is patient, one may discover that Sthenobœa has made advances to her guest, and been discouraged. Then the treacherous woman rushes to her husband's couch (for it is night) in considerable agitation. Morris even goes so far as to say daringly that

> The thick folds of her linen gown were stirred
> As her limbs writhed beneath them.

(Oh dear! How much nearer our day is Theocritus and his ὑδάτινα βράκη!)

Prœtus is considerably upset, and says that he will call in the assistance of his trusty friend Bellerophon to set things right. His mortification on learning that Bellerophon is the man knows no bounds. In savage indignation he seizes his pen and sits down quietly to compose two lengthy epistles in impeccable blank verse—one for Bellerophon in twenty-eight lines suggesting delicately that he should shorten his visit and move on to Iobates, the father of Sthenobœa; and an enclosure of thirty-six lines addressed to Iobates himself, suggesting that it might be well if Bellerophon were sent on some dangerous enterprise in which he might lose his life. After this, it is no surprise to find at the end of the poem the deceitful Sthenobœa, overwhelmed with love and remorse, throwing herself over a cliff to perish miserably with true poetic justice. Nothing of the sort, of course, happens in the Greek legends. But then, for Morris, Prœtus and Bellerophon are Knights of the Round Table, "moving in perfect Tennysonian to the Victorian mood."

Where is my Homer? Let us leave the drawing-room and go out into the street. When he heard, Prœtus "avoided killing him, for his heart shrank from that" (Bellerophon was his guest), "but he sent him to Lycia,

and gave him baneful tokens, writing on a folded tablet many life-destroying signs, and bade him show it to his father-in-law, that he might perish." In other words, he gave him a letter for Iobates with "Kindly kill the bearer" or some similar request. The naïve awe of writing, characteristic of those primitive days, is delightful; but far be it from us to enter into the wars of epigraphists and archæologists about this passage.

Bellerophon came to Lycia, and for nine days Iobates feasted him royally, slaying an ox a day. "But when the tenth rosy-fingered dawn appeared," he asked to see the letter of his son-in-law. After reading it he found himself in the same difficulty as Prœtus, for Bellerophon was his guest too, his "comedary" (to use a word I once heard a Welshman coin), and, for that matter, his "combibary" as well. So in order to have two strings to his bow he asked Bellerophon to kill the Chimæra which at that time was plaguing the land of Lycia. This animal, so well known in mythology—"prima leo, postrema draco, media ipsa chimæra"—had been bred by Amisodarus, a pest to many mortals, as Homer elsewhere tells us. According to Hesiod it was the offspring of the most horrible of the giants—fire-breathing Typhon—and the monster Echidna, half-woman, half-serpent. As might be expected from such a union, their offspring was highly undesirable. In addition to the Chimæra, there were two many-headed dogs, Cerberus and Orthus, two dragons (one being hundred-headed), the Sphinx, Scylla, the Gorgon, the Lernæan hydra, and the Nemean lion. Truly a pleasant family party! The Chimæra was fire-breathing, like its father, so Bellerophon was faced with a task of some difficulty.

Happily, as a youth at Corinth, he had found, one day by the fountain of Peirene, Pegasus, the winged horse of Zeus, which had strayed from the stables of Olympus.

Pindar in the Thirteenth Olympian tells of how he bridled the steed, and, climbing on his back, sported in the air. Bellerophon now bethought him of his former friend. Securing his aid, he attacked the monster "from the cold gulfs of barren air," as Pindar sings. His prudence, too, aided his victory. For, according

to a commentator on Lycophron, he fitted lead instead of iron on the point of his lance, and thrust it into the Chimæra's throat. The fiery breath melted the metal, and the molten lead did the rest. "Three lives were slain by that one blow"—thus a Gallic bishop of the fifth century, Sidonius Apollinaris, sang hyperbolically of "Sthenobœa's young man," as he unkindly calls Bellerophon. On many gems and coins of choice Corinthian work we still may see the hero mounted on his flying steed and the monster writhing below. The scene was also engraved on the great throne of Amyclæ and on the vestibule of the Delphic temple. It appears also in Lycian sculptures of importance. This prototype of our St. George became almost a patron saint of his native town, where his worship was observed at a shrine known as the Kraneion, which Pausanias, most invaluable of tourists, saw and noted on his travels.

After this achievement, Bellerophon made short work of two other quests on which Iobates sent him. The King of Lycia was in the happy position of either fulfilling his son-in-law's wishes or getting rid of troublesome enemies. The slaughtered Solymi, and the Amazons overwhelmed by darts from the air, soon bore further witness to Bellerophon's prowess. Still, Iobates felt bound to oblige his son-in-law if possible, and as Bellerophon was returning from his Amazonian victory, the king "devised another crafty wile. Choosing the bravest men of all wide Lycia he set an ambush. But they came not home any more. For the blameless Bellerophon slew them all."

That finished it. Iobates capitulated. He gave Bellerophon his daughter Philonoe to wife. He gave him the best estates of Lycia. He bequeathed his kingdom to him. Bellerophon and Philonoe were happily married, and had three children.

But, unfortunately, that is not the end of the story. It sometimes happens that the over-virtuous fall victims to spiritual pride. And this Nemesis awaited our hero.

Homer is discreet as to his fate, and only hints at some calamity. "But since he became hated by all the gods [Why? Could it be that he was too blameless and too prudent?] he wandered alone over the Aleian plain,

wearing out his soul, shunning the track of men." Pindar, too, is discreet: "As to his fate, I shall be silent. But the horse was received on Olympus into the ancient stables of Zeus."

We are not, however, left without particulars by later mythologists, though, indeed, the vague suggestion of an awful doom in Homer and Pindar is more artistically effective.

He was tempted, the story goes, to try to fly to Heaven on Pegasus. He also had some idea of snatching up the treacherous Sthenobœa and dropping her from a sufficient height. Deciding on the former alternative, he had reached mid-air when Zeus observed the attempt. Such presumption is not for mortals; so Zeus sent his gadfly to sting Pegasus. And Pegasus reared at the sting, and Bellerophon fell. Horace is not, I think, quite fair to Pegasus when he attributes Bellerophon's fall to the horse's disdain for his earth-born rider. The two had always been good friends, and it is hard to believe that a celestial horse would have been guilty of a trick which an earthly steed would scorn. No, Zeus was the agent, and Nemesis, the haunting shadow of Greek heroes, the cause.

However virtuous, Bellerophon committed the one unpardonable sin of overweening pride.

The Song of the Wooden Ships

By Heneage Wynne Finch

i

THE SHIPS' CHAUNT

"SHIPS that sail to Ophir,
Ships that sail to Tyre,
Ships that seek The Indies—
What do Ye desire?"

. . . . .

"Many men have made us;
Sailed us: come no more.
Yet we sought undaunted
Many a foreign shore.

Ribs, and strakes, and planking—
Mast, and sail, and cord—
Buoyant on the Ocean,
Praise we still The Lord!

Though the folk that made us
Played a sorry part;
Cheated, skimped, and cheese-pared:
We were bold of heart!

Barnacled, and creaking,
Compass-less, adrift,
Strained, a-leak, and sinking—
Victims of Man's Thrift:

This is yet our Glory,
Man-made though we be,
Torn by shot and tempest,
Still we kept the sea.

Till at last we founder'd,
All our burdens shed,
Sunk at last in silence
To our fellow dead:

Or, in beating Northward,
  Homeward from The Horn,
Struck the sterile waters
  Where no winds are borne;

Bore the scorching sunlight,
  Only gulls to heed,
Drifting, bleached and stinking,
  'Mid Sargasso weed.

Ribs and planking rotten,
  Likewise sail and cord—
Derelict, and sinking,
  Praised we still The Lord!"

ii

THE SAILORS' CHAUNT

"MEN that sail to Ophir
  Or the Spanish Main,
What, in all your questing
  May Ye hope to gain?"

. . . . .

"New and wondrous landfalls—
  Salt sea-scent and foam—
These the spells that lured us
  From our island home.

Dear we hold our pastures,
  Fed by gentle rains,
Yet the call of travel
  Surges through our veins!

Outward bound, my brothers,
  With a snoring breeze,
Under God's blue heaven,
  Cleaving God's good seas!

This our sacred birthright:
  Or for loss or gain,
Like our Devon forbears,
  Quarter we the Main.

What care we for danger?
  Inquisition fires,
Spanish guile and torture
  Daunted not our sires!

Better weeviled biscuit,
  Scurvy, storm, or death,
Than be pent in cities
  Drawing bitter breath.

Kings and Queens are fickle;
  Better, far, to roam
Where the green isles beckon
  O'er the barrier's foam.

To the golden beaches,
  Coral-girt and green,
Anchor 'mid the spice groves,
  Water and careen!

Watch the rainbow fishes
  'Neath the tropic noon,
While the low breeze whispers
  O'er the lone lagoon.

Gather limes and guavas;
  Let the chanties ring;
Fill the water-breakers
  At the crystal spring.

Then, when through the mirage,
  Clear before our eyes,
Devon's gorse-crowned headlands
  Call to bleaker skies;

Man we straight the capstan,
  Set we, blithe, our sail,
Breasting the blue ocean
  On the long home-trail!

Whatsoe'er our fortune;
  Battle-shot, or sword,
Tempest, fire, or shipwreck,
  Praise we still The Lord!'

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Toll of the Road

"Funny thing that," said Heddle, reading from a newspaper. "Motor-car crashes into house. Nobody hurt."

"That's fancy motorin'," replied Sergeant Murphy. "And it's greedy. Hasn't the motorist enough victims on the road without wantin' to break into houses in search of fresh wans?"

"It's getting a bit steep," said Heddle. "I see there were eleven people killed in motor accidents over the week-end."

"Twelve," corrected the Sergeant. "Sure, no less than seven of thim were registhered readers of the *Daily Wire*, and the circulation manager is that proud you'd think he'd killed the lot himself."

"I've been thinkin' over this business of motor accidents," he continued, "and wonderin' what the divil it's goin' to be like in the future.

"Day be day, smaller and smaller cars are bein' made, until in a few years' time you'll see a fellah dhroppin' into a shop and gettin' measured for a two-seater in grey sthripe mahogany, with two ticket pockets and a spare pair of wheels. And the prices, with instalmints on the go-as-you-please system, will make cars as common as Channel swimmers. Thin you'll see motorin' at its best, and the pedesthrian that can cross the Great North Road without leavin' half a limb behind him will have a forchin waitin' for him as an acrobat on the halls.

"It's a curious thing, Heddle, this motorin'. A week last Friday, in Fleet Street, I had to make a dive for a pavemint to escape a big car that came round Fetter Lane corner at an ordinary pace, and I turned and cursed the dhriver till the perspiration stood out on me forehead. The followin' Sunday me wife's young nephew came round and took us out in his two-seater for a dhrive to Chertsey. Well, do you know, whin we were passin' through the busy part of Hammersmith and moony-eyed people came sthrollin' across the road as if it was Kensington Gardens, I grew bloodthirsty and I wanted George—that's his name—to dhrive right through thim and teach thim to be more careful.

"It's the point of view that makes the difference. Ask Einstein, if ever you come across him, and he'll make the thing clear to you. His theery's at the back of it.

"But, Heddle, there'll be no fun in motorin' if you haven't got pedesthrians, and at the present rate of progress there shortly won't be enough to go round. So it's up to medical science to put things right. They ought to rear up a race of hardy pedesthrians—fellahs that could be knocked into a cocked hat be a radiator and would come back for more. If they could pick out min and women that had come through three or four motor accidints and recovered, they'd have the right stocks to breed a motor-proof race from. It 'ud take time, of course, but the results would be worth it. Or, failin' that, they might find a way of inoculatin' pedesthrians and makin' thim proof agen everything except lorries.

"There's another thing, Heddle. You've heard the cry of the great open spaces of the Dominions for min. Well, if we go on killin' pedesthrians here, there'll be none to spare for export.

"So I think the time has come to limit the bag of pedesthrians to the motorist. A scale will have to be dhrawn up allottin' a definite number of victims per annum to registhered owners of cars.

"The scale will take into account the size and value of the car. A battered two-seater that was taken over instead of a bad debt of twinty pounds, for example, wouldn't be entitled to wan pedesthrian a year. The owner would have to concenthrate on dogs and poulthry. On the other hand, a Rolls-Royce would be entitled to go through a Salvation Army procession, takin' a right and left in its sthride. Thin you'd have to consider the social status of the dhriver. A stockbroker, it stands to reason, is entitled to better sport than a man in the meat thrade. Also, to discourage imports of foreign cars, I'd chalk them up with a debit of two pedesthrians before they ever took the road. Next, you'd have to make allowances for the neighbourhood in which the huntin' was carried on. A victim in Mayfair would rank for points with two in Surbiton and five in Mile End Road.

"That was the way, Heddle, they saved the elephant in East Africa from extinction. It ought to save the pedesthrian."

The Songs of Sir Edward Elgar

By Hermon Ould

SIR EDWARD ELGAR was born in 1857. His early spiritual development and training as a musician were therefore taking their course at a time when Tennyson and Browning, Gladstone and other great Victorians were in the ascendant. It was a period of solidity and high seriousness, when even the humour found expression in elaborately built-up fabrics (like Dickens's comic characters) rather than in the tossed-off inconsequences of later times. It was, above all, a time when the conscience played a prominent part in public life, and when even those revolutionary thinkers whose aim was to disturb the accepted foundations of society based their teaching on highly ethical and unimpeachably earnest principles.

Elgar's music has always shown the effect of these early influences. The note of humour rarely, if ever, enters into it, and even his lightest work has an element of seriousness which reveals a composer unwilling to unbend, perhaps incapable of unbending. Solemnity, deep religious feeling, a tendency to rhetoric, a capacity for inventing characteristic, but short-lived themes, an individual, but, on the whole, a conventional outlook—these are the main features of his work as a whole, and they are reflected in his work as a song-writer.

A systematic study of Elgar's songs leaves one with the impression that he has only sporadically taken the art of song-writing seriously. There are a few songs scattered among the mass of his work which show that if he had desired to develop this side of his talent, he would have found both the matter and the means for doing so. But, on the whole, he seems to have thought that the writing of a song need involve nothing more than the finding of an appropriate melody (not necessarily very original) and attaching a suitable accompaniment to it. This casualness has sometimes led to the creation of a pretty song, but has rarely produced anything that could be counted upon to endure, if not carried down to posterity by the strength of his more important works.

Some of his best songs were included in the "Seven Lieder" (Ascherberg). It is not without significance that he should have called these *Lieder*, and not songs, for they are quite consciously formed on the model of the German Lieder-writers, and do not venture very far from their prototype. "Like to the Damask Rose" is one of the best known, and its verve and movement are attractive, if not strikingly original. The second song, "Queen Mary's Song," words by Tennyson, has much more charm and a graceful melody which is characteristic of the composer. "A Song of Autumn," which follows, might have been written by Jensen, whose somewhat sentimental idiom it resembles—a pleasing enough song; but the volume contains much better. Best of all is probably "Through the Days," a tender little song, entirely unpretentious but musically satisfying, grateful to sing and genuine in sentiment. It breaks no new ground, but it seems to show that if Elgar had felt it worth while to give as much devotion to the writing of songs as he has given to longer forms, he might have added many valuable numbers to the English repertory. "Rondel" (words by Longfellow from Froissart) is, in another vein, equally successful. A skilful piece of musical weaving, with the required suggestion of archaisim, but clearly the work of a modern. In this, as in many other songs, Elgar shows a disregard of the rhythm of the poem which is painful to the lover of poetry.

The last song in this book has also attained a good deal of popular appreciation—and rightly. It is a setting of "The Shepherd's Song" of Barry Pain, and although it would not be difficult to conceive a more appropriate musical expression of the poem, it must be conceded that the composer has achieved a unity which is musically pleasing and has given the singer a song which is grateful and effective.

Elgar has never shown any great understanding of the value of words, and it is some consolation that he has for the most part chosen to set pieces of inferior literary merit: the resultant mutilation is less painful. His method (if it can be called a method) has been to take verses, express their principal purport in more or less appropriate musical terms, sometimes (but not always)

in the metre of the poem, but with licence to repeat words and phrases—not in order to heighten their significance, but in order to fill up the number of bars required to eke out the musical phrase. When the poem has a subtle music of its own, the method is inexcusable. "In Moonlight," by Shelley, for instance, has a rhythm at once so pronounced and so individual that the only reason for giving it a musical setting would be the discovery of a melody which miraculously fitted it. Consider these words :

> As the moon's soft splendour
> O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
> Is thrown,
> So thy voice most tender
> To the strings without soul has given
> Its own,

and then compare Elgar's tune, which chops the rhythm in this wise :

> As the moon's soft splendour
> O'er the faint cold starlight
> O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
> Is thrown, so thy voice
> Most tender to the strings without soul has given its own.

The melody is graceful enough in itself, and allied to the right words would make a pleasing song. Even in a simple little poem like Mr. Arthur Salmon's "Pleading," which certainly (unlike Shelley's poem) does seem to have inspired the music, there are a number of false stresses which could have been eliminated by the most ordinary devices that would not have impaired the musical integrity of the song. Before one has ventured very far into the considerable mass of Sir Edward's songs, one has to shut one's ears to the incongruities of the alliance of words and music or one's irritation would make it impossible to enjoy the musical felicities which fortunately exist independently of the words.

Not always is the infelicity apparent. Often music and words achieve a happy mating. "Speak, my Heart," is a bright and appropriately simple song which raises no adverse criticism on this score, and "Speak, Music" (words in both cases by A. C. Benson) is equally successful and takes only permissible liberties with the text. Mr. Plunket Greene must have made an attractive thing

of "After," which appeared nearly thirty years ago and bears the tendency to religiosity then popular at ballad concerts. "In the Dawn," too, has the same note of earnestness, which is not to be despised, and is so characteristic of the composer that it is rightly there. The vain repetition of the last phrase is a flaw, but gives the music the needed momentum and the singer a chance to work to a pianissimo climax.

One of the more sustained melodies which Sir Edward has given us is "A Child Asleep," and Mrs. Browning's words seem to have inspired him to a mood of similar semi-religious contemplation; and if the passage of chorded triplets to express "angels' voices" seems to date from earlier than 1910, when it was published, the main structure of the song is none the less pleasing.

Many of Elgar's songs can be bracketed together and dealt with in a lump, but some of them seem to stand apart, unclassifiable. One of these is "There are Seven that Pull the Thread" from *Grania and Diarmid*—a surprising song to come from him, and one which evokes regret that he has not more often tapped the vein from which it was produced. Written at the same period as some of his most conventional and uninspired ballads, it detaches itself as the work of a sensitive musician employing an idiom of his own, rigidly economical in the use of material entirely appropriate to the expression of Mr. Yeats's poem. This can rank with "My Work is Done" from *The Dream of Gerontius*, which, detached from its context, is an individual and significant song, thoroughly Elgarian. Another song which can be separated from a larger work is "The Sword Song" from *Caractacus*, a fine, vigorous piece of writing, with an original and compelling accompaniment.

Vigour of this kind denotes real strength of feeling and the power to convey it. So much of Elgar's patriotic music seems feeble in comparison. His "War Song," "The King's Way," "Britain, Ask of Thyself," and "Follow the Colours" are well-meaning enough, but musically their significance is of the slightest and the sentiment they express seems, in comparison with his own "Carillon," written during the war, sheer bluster. The best of them is probably "Land of Hope and Glory,"

the sweep of whose tune is powerful enough to have captured the ear of the schoolboy, but one has only to compare it with Parry's "Jerusalem" to see how much more truly patriotism can be expressed in music.

Detaching itself again from a larger work is "When the Spring Comes Round Again," from *Une Voix dans le Desert*, and again successfully. The disposition of the words is not always happy, but the general effect is impressive, and there are felicities of rhythm and harmony which the composer does not always allow himself in shorter works.

There are a number of songs which do not call for more than passing comment—the well-known "Pipes of Pan," a lively and effective song; a sensitive setting of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Oh, Soft was the Song"; a couple of attractive Eastern Europe folk-songs, "The River" and "The Torch"; and "Is She not Passing Fair?" a flowing setting of a poem by Charles, Duke of Orleans, which is one of the few attempts made by Elgar to suggest an earlier period. The songs, too, from "The Starlight Express" should not be overlooked. They show the composer in a gentle and simple mood, as befits the subjects, and there is a good deal of fancy and charm in the treatment which children would appreciate.

Finally, there is the cycle of five songs for contralto, "Sea Pictures," which dates from 1899, and is probably Elgar's most widely known work as a song-writer. This work was written for orchestra, and the reduction for the piano is not always happy, but a certain bigness of feeling is probably obtained by apparently overloading the accompaniment. Some of the shorter items are, considered merely as songs, more successful than the longer. "Where Corals Lie," one of the most popular, has a unity and compactness not attained by "The Swimmer," which is a song-scena rather than a song. "In Haven" (words by Lady Elgar) has a charming lilt of its own and an accompaniment which it would not be difficult to recognize as Elgar's if his name were not attached to it. There is no little impressive writing throughout this cycle, and if here and there there is a solemnity and an earnestness which seem excessive, we must not forget that the date of publication is 1899.

The Theatre and Social Purpose

By Horace Shipp

The Enemy. By Channing Pollock. (Strand Theatre.)

To write from the mountains of Corsica of a production seen at the last moment before leaving London has a Wordsworthian air of emotion remembered in tranquillity. Corsica does not amuse itself with theatres. I believe there is one at Bastia, but *musique militaire* trying to be heard above the chatter at the café tables under the palm trees was the only diversion we found there. For the rest even the cinema does not seem to have penetrated. At Corte, one café with Broadway aspirations called art to serve life in the shape of a gramophone; but again without obvious attention. Aged Corte sat and gossipped at its doors; adult Corte teased the eagle with clipped wings which is its strange *divertissement*; and young Corte made love in the warm darkness of the acacias.

Perhaps Corsica knows she has no need for amusement. Perhaps in a countryside where bandits hold up motor-cars and carry off young women as hostages for ransom, where the vendetta is still a recognized method of social behaviour, the attractions of our West End stages might feel a little tame, and our theatrical art a rather pale shadow of life. There is a certain dramatic thrill even in reading that contrapuntal by-law accepted by the Corsican communes:

1. The carrying of arms in strictly forbidden.

2. Exception is made in favour of those in a state of enmity;

which Corsican statement of the Kellogg Pact and its qualifications at the hands of European diplomacy brings me back to the London stage and the actual subject of this article, Mr. Channing Pollock's propagandist play, *The Enemy*.

Its avowed seriousness and social purpose, its sponsorship by Sir Auckland Geddes, its imposing first-night audience made of *The Enemy* a production of importance. The intelligentsia accepted its premises, but screamed aloud at the crudity of its methods. The critics revived the old controversy of art and propaganda. But it has to be said that *The Enemy* is not written for the intelligentsia nor for the critics. It is aimed dead straight at the masses and the mass-mind. If it is sentimental, if it is crude, if it argues with 99 per cent. emotionalism, it is because that mind can best be reached thus. Glycerine tears may be a crude symbol of pathos, but they are an effective stimulant of it where more subtle methods fail. *The Enemy* succeeds by its badness; it is, I imagine, exactly what its author desires.

Even artistically its dull passages are those where the methods of melodrama are abandoned for those of intellectual reasoning. The professor who has to state the credo of the man who will have no dealings with hatred, is at times a great bore, as indisputably sound in his judgments as Norman Angell—and likely to be as little heeded. The woman who, when her babe dies of war-malnutrition, falls on her knees and shrieks her thanks to God for saving it from growing up to be shattered in war, is most terribly effective, however mentally and æsthetically dubious. There is no kid-glove handling in *The Enemy*. Mr. Channing Pollock is out to state his belief that war is out of date between civilized peoples, and that only by lies and prejudice can individuals be moved to enough hatred to carry it on. He believes that in the atmosphere of suspicion thus created fine people grow crude and uncivilized, friendly people are poisoned by hatred. That, and not any separate nation, is the "enemy" of the title.

It is a necessary, if not a new, doctrine. Happily it is more widely accepted today than it has ever been in the history of mankind; and when we are tempted to grow cynical and to see the Great Powers' efforts at *rapprochement* in terms of the Corsican strictures upon the vendetta, we may at least realize that never before have the responsible statesmen made the question one of practical politics nor the peoples so supported them.

If Mr. Channing Pollock's play strengthens their hands, we will forgive it its artistic trespasses.

The danger of his method is that advance in world politics based on sentimentalism may so easily react, because of sentimentalism. The history of war has been so largely a history of mob-passion that some of us distrust it as a basis of peace. The issue is too important to take risks, and many will only feel the world to be really safe from horror when the outlawry of war is based on an intellectual sublimation of instinct and conduct, such as that whereby duelling has evolved into civic law, rather than upon any appeal to the sensational and the cruder sentiments.

Quite apart from the serious problem and challenge of the play, its actual production and acting make it an interesting piece. Horace Hodges, as the professor, gives an excellent performance, and Rosalinde Fuller, as his daughter, played through a wide range of emotions in a broad manner, which one would hardly have suspected to be possible in the memory of her subtle work in *The Unknown Warrior*. Sam Livesey's acting as the warmongering profiteer had very amusing moments, although the author had served him badly by poor writing, and a caricature which moved one to reaction.

It was that recurring trouble which threatened the claims to artistry of the play, and threatened, too, its social significance. Against it must be written the always effective appeal of melodrama, of stage exaggeration; and, in this instance, a deal of sound production. At least, watching Mr. Channing Pollock's play, one was aware of the presence of an author trying to say something to his generation, and that is refreshing in the theatre of penny-dreadful and twopenny novelette mentality.

Books

BOTANY AND SCIENCE

OUR VANISHING WILD FLOWERS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By HENRY S. SALT. With an Afterword by SIR MAURICE ABBOT-ANDERSON. Watts. 2s.6d.

MR. SALT, whose "Call of the Wild Flower" showed in 1922 his expert enthusiasm, has published a small addition on the same lines which is charming when it refers to his own rambles, and timely and important as a protest against the wholesale depredators of today. Wordsworth expressed his faith that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes." Plants have their feelings, like human creatures, as Sir Jagadis Bose has proved in his remarkable researches. Presumably they do not like being torn up by the rude hands of a careless public or hawkers ready to sell to gentlemen with gardens. In this matter botanists are not entirely guiltless with their collecting zeal and "Exchange Clubs," though a *hortus siccus* retaining neither colour nor odour is really a poor affair. It is the flower's setting that makes a great deal of its beauty, "daffodils with the green world they live in," as Keats wrote. All these details can be reproduced by photography, and the skill required to bring out what is often a dusky environment should be an added inducement to the artist, who can rarely make an effective painting like that of the Starry Trefoil on the cardboard cover of Mr. Salt's book.

The usual removers of plants have no such ideas. Already they have destroyed all the primroses in Epping Forest, and recently in Wales several yards of iris were torn up and trodden down by a profane mob. One wonders if there would be any fritillaries left in the few places where they grow, if they were not protected. Not many a flower of any interest or rarity, once found, is left to blush unseen, and the blush ought to be on the cheeks of those who extirpate these rarities. Even if they carry them home, the chance of successful replanting is dubious, since the new soil may be unsuitable, and the care of a plant is not the commonplace affair the ordinary man thinks.

A good deal of beautiful country is now preserved for the public and subject to the public manners of today. This too often means a litter of orange peel, banana skins and the bright paper covers of chocolate. All these can be seen near a spot where the *Osmunda* grows, but so far, I believe, it has evaded the spoilers, and no one of any sense is going to give it away. I knew an old gentleman living in the Lake District who had a very long garden. Hawkers pulled out primroses from the far end of it and sold them to him to be replanted. Something must be done, as Mr. Salt says, to stop this destruction, and the Afterword makes some suggestions. By-laws can, it appears, be occasionally applied and a League is suggested for young people. Such a body might

be amalgamated with the Scapa Society, which has done much to maintain the elements of interest and beauty in outdoor life. The whole question is ultimately one of decent public education, for one can hardly expect enthusiasts to spend their time in acting as police, as the Afterword suggests, even if they were not outwitted by the thieves. It seems strange that a generation which has not been able to evade schooling should be so inconsiderate and rapacious. Or is England, like another great democracy, rapidly getting the habit of unlearning in the adult stage the lessons it was taught in its youth? V. R.

FROM MAGIC TO SCIENCE. Essays by CHARLES SINGER. Benn. 25s.

ANYONE who wants to combine serious reading with comfort and amusement cannot do better than embark with Dr. Singer on the quest of the history of rational thinking about the universe. Science is the extension of the rule of cause and effect—the reign of law in the natural world; magic presupposes that a number of important things happen without a sufficient cause, that there is a connection between words and things which will enable us, if we know the right words, to rule the happenings to come in our own way. We have no documents in which to study the beginnings of science or of magic; Dr. Singer ascribes the first realization of a scientific basis of the universe to the Ionian Greeks of the sixth century B.C., but obviously before them were the Egyptians and the astronomers of the East. We can study the growth of scientific ideas in medieval times in Western Europe. Here the disorganization of Roman rule, and the poverty following the senseless destruction of the barbarian inroads, led to the loss of whatever remains of Greek science had persisted. The much-lauded Celtic culture produced as its fine flower the Lorica of Gildas the Briton, a magical formula of the sixth century A.D. Anglo-Saxon culture supplied a mass of charms derived from Northern saga, Celtic magic, Classical myths, and Christian tradition. One branch of culture has a continuous tradition from Classical times to the Renaissance—the Herbal; and Dr. Singer traces the changes it undergoes in its transmission, with some beautiful illustrations. Another interesting study is that of the Visions of St. Hildegard, which ranged over the universe as it appeared to a twelfth-century mystic. The whole book is written in an easy, conversational style; it is magnificently illustrated; and its presentment of facts may be implicitly trusted.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

THE COLLECTED PAPERS OF HENRY BRADLEY. With a Memoir by ROBERT BRIDGES. Clarendon Press. 25s. net.

FEW, outside the limited circle of those who had come into personal contact with him, realized that Henry Bradley was not

only one of the greatest scholars of our day, but that he will not improbably rank among the great scholars of all time. "He was content to merge his individuality in the compilation of a work of reference which will never be associated with his name," and his greatest service to that work is buried in silence. It was an inspiration to meet him, a privilege to rely on his unfailing judgment in any difficulty submitted to him. From his earliest childhood he was marked out by nature for a career, the advancement of learning; circumstance fastened him down to a stool in a Sheffield office till middle age overtook him; and chance ordained that, just when he was thrown out of work, a casual review should bring him to the haven of his life's work—the "New English Dictionary." Oxford, when in course of time he went there, recognized him gradually for the giant of learning he was, and the memoir of their long friendship by the Poet Laureate is an unfeigned tribute to the charm of his personality as much as to the depth of his scholarship. The collected papers will give the instructed reader some notion of the width of his interests; if to these could be added the obligations, acknowledged or overlooked, of hundreds of his debtors for hints and corrections, an even juster idea would be given of his greatness.

ON THE STAGE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By GEORGE ARLISS. John Murray. 16s.

MR. GEORGE ARLISS is the most modest of men, and his autobiography, told with no little literary skill and an ever-present humour, is a modest, straightforward, and highly entertaining record of the progress of a stage-struck youngster from the bottom of the professional ladder to the top. Starting in the stock company at the Elephant and Castle, where the youthful "extra gentleman" was too often moved to "enrich" his meagre rôles, to the general embarrassment, he soon made for the provinces, and, after a period of intensive melodrama, varied by a season with Miss Sarah Thomas's company at Margate, presently penetrated to musical comedy. Mr. Arliss freely confesses that he detested dancing and could not sing, but this did not prevent him from appearing in *A Gaiety Girl* on tour, and getting woefully entangled in a formidable recitative, with a distracted but sympathetic chorus hanging on each note and praying feverishly that he might conclude (as he did) on the right one. If memory serves, this piece was never at the Gaiety, as Mr. Arliss seems to imply, but at Daly's Theatre, where it inaugurated the series of musical productions which still continues. There used to be a subtle difference, readily admitted by all except connoisseurs, between the Gaiety musical comedies and the comedies with music at

the newer and more cultured house. More successful, since he had no singing to contend with, was the author's experience (not mentioned here) with a quasi-musical play called *Newmarket* which toured the provinces in 1897, and wherein he figured as a benevolent trainer of racehorses, with a wayward daughter, deliciously played by Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

It was his association with Mrs. Patrick Campbell that gave him his first real opportunity in England, and very shortly after in America, whence, thanks to a succession of triumphs, he has too infrequently returned. He is known to the present generation in this country principally, if not altogether, from his season in *The Green Goddess* at the St. James's in 1923–24.

CATULLUS AND HORACE: TWO POETS IN THEIR ENVIRONMENT. By PROF. TENNEY FRANK. Blackwell, Oxford. 10s. 6d.

A YEAR or two ago Prof. Frank produced a full life of Virgil, and now he has done Catullus and Horace in a similar style with a chapter about the transition between the two. Few, perhaps, are able or willing to read the pedantries of the classical journals, and this book puts the latest views before the reader, and, while it states, occasionally with excessive confidence, much that is uncertain, it helps us admirably to realize the world in which the famous pair lived and the details that can be gathered from the available sources. This is not so necessary with Horace, on whom much has been written; but the career of Catullus, a true master of the lyric, though hardly the first, as the professor says, has attracted but few critics since Sellar wrote. His love poems to the notorious Clodia and his epigrams against Cæsar and his party are strikingly annotated. The author is right, we think, in taking the poem to Cicero as a genuine expression of grateful feeling and the whole collection as a posthumous affair. Like Shakespeare's Sonnets, it includes painful things that any poet would have been willing to see forgotten. Catullus knew "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame." The principal novelty is the influence of the philosopher Philodemus, who also figured in the life of Virgil. Horace's attitude to the Emperor, as contrasted with Virgil's, is well hit off, and his many light poems are not taken too seriously. The fact that he includes a friend in his confession of cowardice at Philippi shows that he is chaffing, though we do not know why the professor calls it "an ancient joke." Horace's reference to Calvus and Catullus is brief and disputable. His patriotic Odes are treated seriously, as they deserved to be, and we are glad to see Dryden's fine paraphrase of the Fortune Ode quoted, and Milton's transcript of Pyrrha and her boy ignored. We notice, however, that the author prefers foreign editors to English. We cannot recommend the

Loeb version of Horace, nor do we think it necessary or advisable to go to composite French or German editions for "the most reliable commentaries."

HISTORY

SIX BRITISH SOLDIERS. By the HON. SIR JOHN FORTESCUE, LL.D., D.LITT. Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.

NOT only are these studies of Cromwell, Marlborough, Abercromby, Stuart, Moore, and Wellington separately valuable as clearly expressed judgments by an exceptionally well-informed judge, who, disobeying a sagacious precept, usually gives his reasons, but, collectively, they establish his assertion that every one of his half-dozen heroes had a share "in the triumph of 1918." It is to Cromwell, he says, that we owe the origin of our military discipline, and especially the tradition, of immense value in the wars of the eighteenth century, that an army marching through a country must pay for its keep. It was Marlborough who gave England a footing in the Mediterranean and, if unconsciously, secured the first stages of the short route to India. Abercromby, at Aboukir, laid down the immutable principles which were followed in the landing at Gallipoli, "an operation," writes the author, "not yet properly appreciated." Moore showed for all later commanders the ideal to be sought in the training of soldiers. Wellington set a standard of duty which has never been forgotten in our army. Stuart, of whose rare abilities Mr. Fortescue affords many examples, showed, in times when the jealousy between the two services was a frequent cause of the failure, or partial failure, of plans of attack, how happily military and naval commanders might work together.

These are but examples of the points on which the author relies to prove his case for the debt which the present generation owes to the "Six British Soldiers" whom he has brought together. Charles Stuart, who died before he was fifty, and who never commanded ten thousand men at one time, holds, in Mr. Fortescue's view, a place next to Marlborough in "the rare combination of personal charm, ascendancy over men, diplomatic skill, bodily courage, resolute will, administrative ability and strategic insight." Mr. Fortescue allows that Stuart, in his dealings with ministers at home, and occasionally with military authorities abroad, may have exhibited "an imperfect sense of discipline." Is it impossible that the exceptional independence of Stuart's character, and his undisguised contempt for those who hindered his plans, may have been partly hereditary? The author tells us that this very able and dauntless officer's father was "the blameless and highly cultivated" John, Earl of Bute. He does not add that the mother was Lady Mary Wortley-

Montagu's admirable daughter, who, in spite of the strongest parental opposition, ran off, at the age of eighteen, to marry the aforesaid Earl, with the happiest results, including six daughters and five sons. Among matters of historical importance, not directly concerned with any of his six heroes, recalled by the author, are the miserable state of our military organization under the Stuart kings; the dread of battles and delight in sieges which characterized Continental warfare in the seventeenth century; and the powerful influence of prize-money on naval operations during our wars with Napoleon.

This book of 270 pages in large type probably throws more light on the achievements of the British Army and the effects of political incompetence on warfare during the years between the fall of Charles I and the fall of Napoleon than any other work of a similar kind.

CLAVIJO: EMBASSY TO TAMERLANE, 1403–1406. Translated from the Spanish by GUY LE STRANGE. Broadway Travellers. Routledge. 15s.

THE mission of Don Ruy Gonzáles de Clavijo, chamberlain to King Henry III of Castile and Leon, to the "noble Tartarian" Timur, whom we know better as Tamerlane, occurred at a singularly opportune time. The Ottoman Turks had totally defeated the Christian forces of Europe in the crushing victory at Nicopolis in 1397; the Byzantine Emperor was shut up within the walls of Constantinople, which was expected to fall to the Moslems, when Timur with his Tartar hordes overwhelmed the Turkish Sultan Bajazet at the battle of Angora in 1402, and thus freed the capital of the Eastern Empire from the dreaded invasion for half a century. Timur had received at Angora some envoys from the King of Castile, who had been sent to report on the perilous situation in the Near East, and had dispatched a return mission carrying compliments and presents to Castile. Clavijo, who was chamberlain to the King, was fortunate in having one of these Tartar envoys as his guide on the route to Timur's capital, Samarkand. He was also fortunate in being able to see and describe the churches and palaces of Constantinople before they were destroyed at the Ottoman conquest. His account of the city as it was in 1402 is most valuable. Only two of all the churches and buildings which he noted are still standing. He also describes, alone among European travellers, the ruins of the once important Armenian city of Surmuri, "as we learnt, the first township to be built after the flood," since it was near Ararat. It took Clavijo and his companion, the Friar Alfonzo Paez de Santa Maria, Master in Theology, fifteen months to get from Cadiz to Samarkand, including the land journey of some 3,000 miles.

In their journeying the travellers were very hospitably entertained and protected by Timur's officials, with the advantage of the company of the returning Tartar envoy. Clavijo's account of Timur's capital, his court and his huge horde of some fifty thousand tents, luxuriously furnished and adorned, is very good reading. The Spanish chamberlain was a close and accurate observer, and as (unlike the Master in Theology) he never touched wine, he was able to give a clear and unclouded account of the Gargantuan feasts in which the aged warrior (he was sixty-nine) and his Tartar Court indulged. Horses roasted whole, as well as sheep, were brought on leather trays for Timur and his guests, but they always drank before they ate—a pernicious custom which resulted in most of them getting drunk. Sixty gallons of wine in a jar, and hundreds of these jars, were consumed at a sitting, and sometimes, "that they might be overtaken the sooner to enjoy drunkenness, they were, we found, served with spirits as well as wine." Timur's eight wives all powdered quite in the modern fashion, "their faces appeared to be covered with white lead or some other cosmetic," to "keep off the sun." It is needless to say that the introduction and notes by so learned an Arabic scholar and geographer as Mr. Guy le Strange are admirable, and it is interesting to read that he has himself travelled a part of Clavijo's route in Persia and Asia Minor. The series of "Broadway Travellers" is enriched by this greatly improved translation, which supersedes Clements Markham's for the Hakluyt Society, of nearly seventy years ago. S. L.-P.

FICTION

SWAN SONG. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

"SWAN SONG," in an even higher degree than its Forsyte predecessors, offers a large impersonal attraction as a record and criticism of its time. Thus, while Fleur's devastating passion for Jon—a less creditable example of the "Life Force" than Ann's pursuit of Tanner in Mr. Shaw's play—provides the main theme, such topics as jazzing in dance and art, sexual morality, and the stunt press are discussed (with occasional interventions by the author) in a way that would make the book well worth having if all its personal adventures were extracted.

There are no dummies in the cast, and every character is consistently presented. As an inclusive example there is the committee on the slum-conversion scheme, among its members being the octogenarian marquess (who cannot afford a private car, and sells a Morland picture to find money for well-doing) and his neighbour in Mayfair, a self-made Jewish millionaire. An ill-bred, acute portrait-painter is another bit of genuine fine art.

Bonnington (p. 321) has a superfluous consonant, while the "ordinance map on an inordinate scale" strengthens the jest by weak spelling. Burnaby's reference, in his "Ride to Khiva," to a popular patent medicine was said to have brought him an offer of a considerable sum from the proprietors. The French perfumers mentioned in "Swan Song" ought to be no less pleased.

Such things, however, are of slight account in a book which is full of poetry, and on almost every page rich in the fruits of wide experience and observation.

PHYLLIDA, OR THE RELUCTANT ADVENTURER. By H. S. REID. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THIS is the story of Mr. Richard Carey, student of the Inner Temple in the doubtful days ere Cromwell was yet Protector, who, in desolation at the sudden and unlooked-for marriage of Phyllida, his adored playmate, with "a Parliament man and a great soldier," cast himself into Royalist intrigue. Being presently apprehended on the eve of Worcester, he was forthwith shipped, along with other unfortunates, to West Africa, there to toil as a slave for two godly merchants of Bristol.

His escape and encounter with an ex-buccaneer, who, under Letters Patent from King James I, held "the part of Africa called Carthage," by a nominal tribute of three live elephants payable on occasions seldom likely to arise, his succession to the "principality" and subsequent tumultuous dealings with the "Company of Royal Adventurers trading in Africa," culminating in the appearance of a new and fairer Phyllida, all go to make an admirable tale of moving accident, unusual alike in conception and setting. Mr. Reid draws his characters—none of them of a stock pattern—with remarkable skill, and his descriptive touch is effective. Altogether this is a first novel, with no hint of immaturity, nor so much as a whiff of midnight oil.

TO KISS THE CROCODILE. By ERNEST MILTON. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a clever first book, full of colour, decorated, indeed, in many places with a very spate of penman's graphic. When a youth with money, good looks and a craze for Greek art is sent by a fond mother to London to find out what he wants to do, he is heading for disaster. When, too, he cannot speak up for himself, and is always "kissing the crocodile"—yielding to the needs and pleasures and preferences of others—disaster is certain. Mr. Milton's young hero is, we must add, strangely ignorant of life. When he gets away to sea, he might recover from the effects of a vicious circle, but he is really a somnambulist, and finishes himself by his craze for the worship of Dionysus. How many readers will understand the epithet "Liknites" attached to the god? Mr. Milton has a sense of character and hits off several

modern types well. If he writes again with a restrained pen, he may do something notable.

GENERAL

A JOURNAL OF SUMMERTIME IN THE COUNTRY. By R. A. WILLMOTT. The Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

THESE reflections of a country parson—reprinted from the fourth edition, published in 1864—are a welcome reminder of those dim Victorian days when meditative leisure held no shame. Incidentally, and by way of paradox, it may be noted that their citatory method, characteristic of its time, is yet one that has commended itself to up-to-date America, and may be traced today in the popular compendia of "culture" and "uplift" which have become the solace of the Middle West.

The Reverend R. A. Willmott was of a school that esteemed Thomson and Akenside as poetic mentors equal to, and possibly more trustworthy, than Chaucer or Spenser, and valued exactness of observation above the finest frenzy: yet for all their academic complacency, his pages are full of the quiet and colour of a summer countryside, less impaired than might have been imagined by quotations from Clare, Bloomfield, Rogers and Johnson.

Between the mental processes of 1849 and those of our own post-war enlightenment lies a great gulf, but while the velocity of modern existence may not greatly care whether or not it be "profitable to inquire into the retarding or stimulating influence of insignificant sayings, praise or blame, upon men in pursuit of knowledge and reputation," there can be few who will not learn with interest and delight how "a friend of Mr. White's in Hampshire tried all the owls in his neighbourhood with a pitch-pipe, of the sort used for harpsichords, and found them to hoot in B flat."

THE LAWS OF VERSE. By J. C. ANDERSON. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE laws of verse, like the laws of Nature, are difficult to declare, because they work unconsciously with poets. They represent, it may be, a deep feeling which never reaches the point of a formula. Metricists, in their explanations of the results supplied by poetical achievement, are always disputing and putting forward theories which, however plausible, cannot be proved. Mr. Anderson, an admirer of T. S. Omond, gives as good an analysis of the structure and normal elements of verse as we have seen. Irregularity, which strikes the average reader as something shocking, is fully justified by Greek usage, where a tribrach and a dactyl frequently take the place of an iambus and may be a cause of beauty. Pause and accent, as all metricists are aware,

make a great deal of difference. The chapters on the "Stress-Unit" and the "Verse-Unit" go to the root of the matter and seem to us clear and effective. The loss of definite quantities in modern English verse complicates the whole question, and it is forgotten that the ballad was once a dancing song. The deliberate jolts found in the verse of today suggest an odd sort of melody, and we think Mr. Anderson quite right in maintaining that the syllabic rhythm of poetry and the note rhythm of music differ widely. In the former, variation is normal, so that no indication is given of it, and any special notation of verse, such as the Poet Laureate uses, spoils our pleasure. What we cannot understand and enjoy with the aid of a good reading or hearing seems to us of little worth. But our reaction may be just what the poet desired, though we could not explain the methods by which he led us to it. For the few who desire such explanations, Mr. Anderson's book should be very useful.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By WALTER BAGEHOT. With an Introduction by the EARL OF BALFOUR. Oxford University Press. 2s.

BAGEHOT'S admirable brightness, which has long been known to judicious critics, should win a new host of readers in the neat pocket form of the "World's Classics." This book is one of the works of the sixties well worth reprinting. Earl Balfour in his well-written introduction regards the growth and final establishment of the Cabinet system as more important even than the Reform Bills which began in 1832, and emphasizes the new value of kingship in the consolidation of Empire. He does not, however, deal with other notable changes which have occurred since 1872, the latest date considered in the "Introduction to the Second Edition" here reproduced. Since then the landed interest has been thrown out of its supremacy; obstruction in Parliament has been brought to a fine art; the Parliament Act has altered the checks and balances of which Bagehot made so much; and a party responsible for a general strike has been in power. There have been marked examples of the maxim that "our mercantile opportunities allure away the most ambitious minds," but there is now an overdose rather than a scarcity of the education fitting a man to be a bank clerk. Last and not least, Bagehot wrote of "the ultra-democratic theory," which demands that "every man of twenty-one years of age (if not every woman, too) should have an equal vote in electing Parliament." This scheme, he says, "would not only make Parliamentary Government work ill, but . . . would prevent its working at all." What does Lord Balfour think of so trenchant a view as this? Surely it is one that a modern politician, reconsidering Bagehot's book, should face and refute, if he can.